AUG. 24, 1940

Liberty

5¢

LIGHTNING IN THE NIGHT

A STORY OF THE INVASION OF AMERICA

A Modern Successor to THE RED NAPOLEON

by Fred Allhoff, with a prologue by Edward Hope and the advice and counsel of General Robert Lee Bullard, Rear Admiral Yates Stirling, George E. Sokolsky, and many others.

HOW WOULD YOU VOTE ON THIS QUESTION?

WHICH ARE WORSE— BLOW-OUTS OR SKIDS?

Thousands say "I'M MORE SCARED OF SKIDS"

No matter how you vote, remember this: Goodrich Silvertowns are built to give the quickest non-skid stops you've ever had.

Others report "I THINK BLOW-OUTS ARE WORSE"

Whether you agree or not, don't forget that Goodrich Silvertowns give you maximum protection against high-speed blow-outs.

All agree "BOTH ARE DANGEROUS"

So why not get the Goodrich Silvertown—with its tread that's a "life-saver" on wet, slippery roads . . . and a special, internal ply construction that's a "life-saver" against high-speed blow-outs?

WHY ARGUE? Silvertowns protect you against *BOTH*

• Do you agree with those who say skids are worse? Or would you yourself say "blow-outs"? There's room for plenty of argument, of course. But when you look at the accident reports ONE FACT STANDS OUT—*BOTH ARE DANGEROUS.*

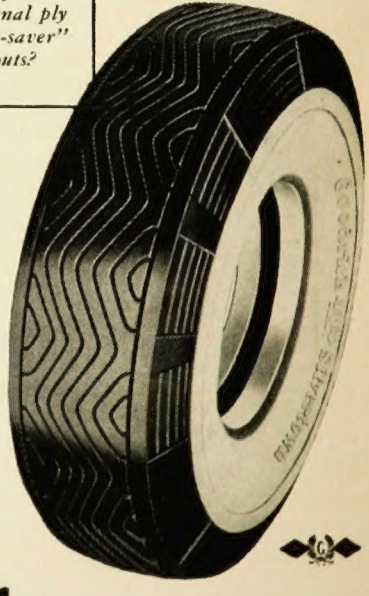
Avoid "Half-Way" Protection

Maybe you've never realized it, but you can now get a tire that gives you maximum protection against BOTH skids and blow-outs—and it's the new Goodrich Safety Silvertown.

On the outside, the Life-Saver Tread has a regular "windshield-wiper" action on wet roads. This rapid-fire sweeping action leaves a track so dry you can actually light a match on it . . . so dry, too, that you get the quickest non-skid stops you've ever had.

Not only that, the famous Golden Ply construction of Silvertowns is noted for maximum resistance to high-speed blow-outs. The specially-treated plies that Goodrich now builds into all Silvertowns resist internal blowout-causing heat—give you greater safety every day you drive. No wonder these plies are described as "Life-Saver" plies.

For safety's sake, get your Silvertowns today. If it will be easier to make your own terms than to pay cash, take advantage of the liberal Budget Plan available at Goodrich Silvertown Stores and many Goodrich Dealers.



The new Goodrich SAFETY Silvertown

DON'T MISS JIMMIE LYNCH'S DEATH DODGERS AT THE GOODRICH ARENA . . . N. Y. WORLD'S FAIR

AUGUST 24, 1940 **Liberty** VOL. 17, NO. 34

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

A PLAN TO STRENGTHEN DEMOCRACY

BERNARR MACFADDEN

All previous efforts to maintain democratic principles seem to have failed. This country has made the longest record. France has turned to Fascism, and all Europe is now in the hands of dictatorial governments.

Can the principles of democracy be changed in any way and still maintain the freedom that we crave, and at the same time erect safeguards that will, to a certain extent, assist in maintaining the fundamental idea back of democracy by placing governmental control more thoroughly in the hands of those who are most capable of guiding the ship of state?

The trouble with democracy as we maintain it here in this country is the lack of intelligence in the selection of officials. The genial smile, the actor's repartee, and the ability to be personally likable is about all that is required of a successful candidate for office. He should be judged by his ability and fitness to assume the duties he seeks.

In other words, some plan should be created which will minimize the influence of unthinking citizens in the selection of our officials. They should, of course, have a voice in government; but unless democracy can be guided by the most intelligent minds in a community or country, we will ultimately be consigned to the national scrap heap.

Therefore, some plan should be found whereby citizens of outstanding merit will be rewarded in the voting booth for their worthiness as citizens; and this same plan should bring rewards not only for mental ability but also for physical attainments.

Let us say, for example, that every citizen be entitled to one vote. If he reached a certain status in mental attainments he would be entitled to two votes. If he acquired mental ability of an unusual nature he would have another vote—three votes. And he should have an additional vote for what we might call normal physical attainments, and one more additional vote for unusual physical perfection. Citizens who had developed themselves to an unusual degree mentally and physically would cast five votes instead of one.

There should be no question as to the value of such a plan. Our citizens who have sacrificed themselves to an extraordinary degree, who represent outstanding examples of mental and physical qualifications—their vote can be balanced by nitwits, by those who have never given a thought beyond something to eat and a place to sleep. No reasoning is required to admit the injustice of such a situation.

The most intelligent minds in a community should guide governmental activities, and such citizens should be given an opportunity to use their added weight in seeking public office or in selecting competent candidates.

There we have one of the causes for the failure of democracy in all previous experiments.

The solution of business problems becomes a large part of governmental management. There is the handling, collecting, and spending of money. Sound business judgment is required in making decisions. Every business executive of outstanding ability will readily admit that the present administration has spent billions of dollars unnecessarily.

Another grave fault of democracy is the shameful neglect of those who make lifelong sacrifices for beneficent purposes or to uphold the principles of our form of government, and the theory that we have propounded could be extended even beyond five votes. In foreign governments, citizens who have performed unusual services for the country are honored by being made dukes, lords, knights, etc. Why could we not take our outstanding citizens in all fields of endeavor and honor them by allowing them to cast fifty or one hundred or more votes?

It is freely admitted that such a system would bring about much injustice in the way of favoritism to different individuals. But, with all its faults, it would certainly represent a great improvement.

No one can question that the more intelligent of our citizens would favor candidates for their efficiency, and not for their geniality, or for a prepossessing, pleasing appearance.

Democracy is on trial. It is at the crossroads. Which way to turn is a critical problem. The ordinary workmen of today are enjoying comforts and luxuries that were beyond those who were rolling in wealth in former years.

This is indeed a revolutionary idea, but it is a remedy that certainly is worth careful consideration in these critical times.

Bernarr Macfadden

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TABLE OF CONTENTS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 58

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A STORY OF THE INVASION OF AMERICA

In the years since Floyd Gibbons imagined for Liberty an invasion of America in his remarkable novel, The Red Napoleon, hardly a week has passed in which some one has not asked us to publish it again. But the world has changed; compared to what can happen today, The Red Napoleon sounds mild. Hence this new, daring novel.

Its title is a phrase from a recent Hitler speech. Its intention is to picture an America embattled by events which, in every detail, might logically happen. Its unusual authorship, including specialists in many diverse fields, gives it realistic weight. No doubt some will refuse to believe that it has any relation to possibility. The authors know that it has.

It is not published as mere fantasy or mere entertainment. This country is arming. But it needs more than that. It needs patriotism and faith. In this thought and spirit, Lightning in the Night was conceived and is being written. It will show you not only what could happen here, but the glory of what we have in America—a glory worth defending with our lives.

The vivid prologue which follows is a setting of the stage. Next week the curtain will rise on the dramatic narrative by Mr. Allhoff and his distinguished collaborators.

Liberty Presents a Modern Successor to THE RED NAPOLEON

LIGHTNING IN THE NIGHT

BY FRED ALLHOFF

with the advice and counsel of Lieutenant General Robert Lee Bullard, Rear Admiral Yates Stirling, George E. Sokolsky, and many others

Prologue by EDWARD HOPE

Extra! Extra! Extra!

BRITISH SIGN NAZI PEACE, YIELD NAVY, POSSESSIONS TO SAVE UNBLASTED CITIES

Empire Broken, as Canada, Australia, South Africa, India Refuse Terms, Secede

CANADA A REPUBLIC, U. S. ALLY

Mediterranean Fleet Scuttled, Home Fleet Gives Up Under Threat of Civilian Extermination

BERLIN, Sept. 17—While hysterical street crowds thundered and shrieked adulation of the man who has made Germany unquestioned master of half the world, and disarmed officers and men of the defeated British army, navy, and air force paraded the streets of their conquerors' capital, to be spat upon by holiday-making spectators, the British Plenipotentiary Mission, under the leadership of Sir Samuel Hoare, today signed the most abject peace terms of modern history. . . .

* * *

CONFERENCE WILL DECIDE NEW WORLD COLONIES' FATE

Reich Claims All Former British, French, Dutch, Danish Colonies In Western Hemisphere

WON THEM, SAYS BERLIN

Monroe Doctrine Not Applicable in Transfer Between European Powers, Nazis Hold

WASHINGTON, Sept. 19—The historical aim of the Monroe Doctrine is to prevent the acquisition of new territory in the Western Hemisphere by European Powers, and not to interfere with the agreed transfer of colonies in the Americas from one Old World government to another, Great Germany contends in a strongly worded note handed to the United States government yesterday. Thus, the Nazi Foreign Office holds, this country should agree without question to the cession to Germany of the former British possessions in the New World, as well as of the insular and continental holdings of France, the Netherlands, and Denmark, which have been provisionally held by the United States since shortly after the capitulation of France. It was indicated in official circles here that a conference would be called to settle the problem with a minimum of friction and delay.

An emergency meeting of State, Navy, and War Department heads, which lasted most of the night, ad-

"Officers and men of the defeated British army, navy, and air force paraded the streets, to be spat upon by holiday-making spectators."

Robard
EXTRA!
New York Free Press
EXTRA!
BRITISH SIGN NAZI PEACE, YIELD NAVY, POSSESSIONS TO SAVE UNBLASTED CITIES
Empire Broken, as Canada, Australia, South Africa, India Refuse Terms, Secede from Raj

journed without any decision being taken, it was learned here this morning. At the Navy Department, it was stated on good authority that the United States fleet, even with the addition of naval units from the Republic of Canada, is not strong enough to take and hold European possessions in the Western Hemisphere, in the event of a threat of force.

These territories, it was pointed out, extend from Greenland to the South Shetland Islands just north of the Antarctic Circle, and from Bermuda in the Atlantic to French Marquesas in the Pacific.

Senator Chad Fillgus of the Foreign Relations Committee gave out a statement to correspondents in which he said that the logic of the German position was unassailable. In the interests of peace, Senator Fillgus told the . . .

* * *

. . . Bottin's Better Buttons are obtainable in *your* neighborhood wherever finer buttons are sold. Ask for them by name: Bottin's Better Buttons. . . . And now back to the news. . . . Berlin: In making the announcement of Herr Himmler's departure for the British subject area, Propaganda Minister Goebbels said (and I quote): "It is not the Führer's intention to impair the essentials of life in Britain, which before it fell into decay had many admirable features. However, there are elements of the population which continue recklessly to attempt to sabotage the Peace of Berlin. If these groups of wreckers have missed the significance of the punitive bombing of Westminster Abbey and the razing of Oxford, we will find means to bring the facts home to them." (End quote.) . . . DNB, official German news agency, announces from London that the bodies of the seventeen schoolboys, found guilty of subversive activities by the People's Court at Leeds and subsequently executed before a Gestapo firing squad, were buried at once within the prison walls to avoid further unhappy incidents. . . . And here are the baseball scores: The Yankees continued their winning streak. . . .

* * *

NEW GERMAN EMPIRE: On this page Worldwide Magazine presents a map of the world which shows the changes in status of the former British, French, Dutch, and Belgian colonies under the Treaty of Berlin and since the German-American Colonial Commission decided in favor of the Nazi contention that the Monroe Doctrine does not prevent the transfer to the Reich of European colonies in the Americas.

Black portions of the map (including Alsace-Lorraine and Normandy, Belgium, Holland, Denmark, and the Scandinavian peninsula) become integral parts of Great Germany. Shaded areas (Britain and Ireland, France, Switzerland) are designated for the present simply as "subject areas," each with its Gauleiter. Cross-hatched areas are the new Führer Colonies, so called because their administration is under the direct control of Chancellor Hitler.

The only Führer Colonies in the continental Americas are the Guianas and what was formerly British Honduras. Nearest other colonies to the United States are Greenland, Clipperton Island, and the former British, French, and Dutch West Indies. Negotiations have been started, however, between Great Germany and the Republic of Canada over the ownership of Newfoundland and Labrador, which the victorious Nazis claimed as former British crown colonies and closer to Greenland than to Canada.

South Africa, after a brief resistance in an attempt to gain its independence, has become a German colony. India, which seceded from the British Empire just before the Treaty of Berlin was signed, has disintegrated into the hundreds of small states of which it formerly consisted and these are gradually being subdued and taken over by Germany, Russia, and Japan. The status of the new Australian-New Zealand Republic is in doubt under the increasing pressure of the Japanese from the (once Dutch) East Indies and of the enormously strengthened German navy.

Next week Worldwide Magazine will publish Pulling in Our Neck, a timely article in which Garfield Manners discusses the proposal to grant the Philippines immediate independence and to call an international conference to settle the future of other United States possessions in the Pacific which have become a dangerous burden to our navy. Don't miss it!

* * *

Planet Photo

"TILL HELL FREEZES OVER"—Above are the seven U. S. senators of the World Peace Bloc now in the third day of their filibuster against the McRoy-Polter Bill, which would provide one billion dollars in new appropriations to build gigantic modern naval and air bases on the Florida east coast and the island of Puerto Rico to neutralize the alleged fortification by Great Germany of Jamaica and Trinidad, which German officials have often denied.

"The war is over," Senator Grooven told reporters yesterday, "and we don't want another. Give the warmongers these bases and they'll be right back for 50,000 more planes and a couple of hundred new warships to defend them. Why, there isn't even any reason to believe that German fortifications are being built! We are going to kill this dangerous legislation if we have to talk till hell freezes over. Germany won the war fair and square, and the sooner we realize that and start to treat her like the good customer she would like to be, the sooner business in this country will have a chance of getting back on its feet." In the photograph (l. to r.) are Senators . . .

* * *

BLUE UPHOLDS STRIKE RIGHT IN PLANE, MUNITIONS PLANTS

Labor Not to Yield Principles While "Capitalist War Babies Fatten," A. F. I. O. Head Declares

HITS "PHONY CRISIS"

Strikers Still Deadlocked at Tank, Aircraft, Antiair Factories, After Six Months' Fight

WASHINGTON, Oct. 4—Testifying before the House Military Affairs Committee today, John L. Blue, president of the American Federation of Industrial Organizations, refused to consider any modification of collective bargaining principles. . . .

* * *

. . . and now Bublo, the tasty

"German fighting planes from the new Greenland bases have appeared over Labrador and machine-gunned villages and fishing boats. Nine Canadian citizens have been reported wounded."

vitamin-surcharged food for *your* goldfish, presents Morgan Morgan, renowned newsanalyst. Mr. Morgan! . . .

Hello, folks. Hahzit by you? . . . Well, whatever anybody else wants tonight, Great Germany wants peace and good business and she is ready to co-operate with other nations with similar aims.

Three separate items received here in our news room tonight all tell the same story.

From Mexico City first. An agreement has been reached to establish two Mexican bases for the new high-speed German ocean-transport planes. The terminal for the Atlantic service will be at Tampico, and the one for the Pacific at Ensenada, Lower California. Building of these two completely equipped modern airports in Mexico will start at once from plans that are already drawn up in Germany.

That's one item, folks.

The next is from Buenos Aires. Listen. The Argentine government has signed a trade treaty with Great Germany. The Reich will buy seventy-two per cent of Argentina's annual beef output and pay for it in industrial machines and war materials. German experts in animal husbandry and veterinary medicine will sail from Bremen next week to direct the Argentine cattle-raising and meat-packing industries.

There you have item number two, people.

And here's the third. It comes from Washington, D. C., and you can have your own opinion of it. Thank God, I say again, this is still a free country, where a man can think what he thinks.

Well, here it is:

The German Ambassador announced tonight that his government has canceled all outstanding German orders for American wheat, corn, scrap steel, raw cotton, and cotton textiles.

Do you want to know why? Here's what the ambassador says in his announcement (quote):

"There is a systematic persecution of Germans in the United States. The refusal of the American government to permit the employment of skilled German workmen in munitions and airplane factories, the repeated violence of local and federal police in breaking up meetings and parades of peaceful German organizations in this country, and the unceasing anti-German press campaign—vile, scurrilous, and wholly unjustifiable in time of peace—these and many other signs of prejudice amounting to systematic persecution make it impossible for us longer to try to carry on friendly commercial relations with the United States. Great Germany does not force her business on any one." (End of quotation.)

Well, that's what he says, folks, and in my opinion there are a lot of

politicians in Washington who ought to paste it in their hats and . . .

SAUCE FOR THE GANDER

TO THE EDITOR:

Sir: I was amused to read that our State Department has seen fit to protest the creation of German naval and air bases at Jamaica, Trinidad, and other islands in the West Indies. When these islands belonged to Britain, the Royal Navy used them freely as bases and, so far as I am able to learn, the United States never uttered a syllable of objection. How, then, can it be a cause of alarm or annoyance to us if the present owners of the islands use them in the same way?

May I call attention to an entertaining side light on the situation? Many of the warships to whose presence in the West Indies we are so strongly opposed are the identical vessels that used to do as they chose in the Caribbean without so much as a *tut* from our State Department. The more modern units of the British navy, handed over to Germany in part payment of war reparations, have been renamed and incorporated into the German fleet.

Sauce for the goose, you know.

F. W. LISS.

* * *

Herrenvolk

Astonished, dismayed were Brazilian plantation and mine executives, superintendents, even foremen, one morning last week. Suave were the smiles of bureaucrats of the totalitarian-minded Brazilian government who watched the proceedings, saw in them the first step toward Nazefficiency under the trade agreement between Brazil and Great Germany. Unastonished, unsmiling were the new plantation and mine executives, superintendents, even foremen, imported from Germany week before in the luxury liner Edda Goering (ex-Queen Mary) to take over.

With precision that was suggestively military, they stepped into their new . . .

* * *

Falcon Photos

Candid-camera shots above show, according to David Pardin, U. S. tourist who took them and smuggled his film back from Jamaica, the new heavily fortified naval and air base on the island of Jamaica, only ninety miles from Cuba and not much farther on an airline from the U. S. navy base at Guantánamo Bay. Although construction of these fortifications has been repeatedly denied in Berlin, the tremendous work seems now to be virtually complete. Note heavy (probably 16-inch) guns. In Washington yesterday, German Ambassador Otto Schimpfholz branded Pardin's pictures "phony" . . .

* * *

BERLIN, May 19—In a strong protest to the Mexican government over the killing by police of two German nationals during the riots in Mexico City yesterday, Joachim von Ribbentrop, Nazi Foreign Minister, warned the Central American republic today that the patience of the Reich is close to its limit. "Great Germany," he said, "will not stand idly by while her subjects are maltreated." Herr von Ribbentrop dismissed as absurd Mexican charges that the riots were fomented and led by Germans.

"The Germans in Mexico," he said, "want only their just rights, and we are here to see to it that they get them. We hope a peaceful solution can be reached." He declined to elaborate his statement.

The presence of the German Caribbean fleet off the coast of Mexico, according to naval officials in Berlin, is quite normal for "spring maneuvers." . . .

Cassandra

IT'S NOT TOO LATE. By Martin L. Tresholm. New York: Greenway Press. $3.50. Reviewed by JAMES JACKSON HOBBS, *former attaché, United States State Department.*

MR. TRESHOLM has written a brief and poignant history of the past ten years. No one can deny his skill in presenting his facts. It is his reasoning that spoils what might otherwise have been a valuable book.

Dismissing repeated German guaranties of American neutrality, disregarding the virtual impossibility of an invasion of the United States by a European Power, sneering at our standing army of 400,000 men, Mr. Tresholm swallows the internationalists' mythology hook, line, and sinker and holds that the United States must soon fight Germany for domination of the Americas, and that such a war, unless we arm ourselves to the teeth and give all our energies to preparation, will end disastrously for us.

One cannot help smiling at Mr. Tresholm's bogeymen. . . .

The World This Morning

by Charles Savvant

Events in Mexico have moved so swiftly during the past few days that it is still difficult for the intelligent reader, unless he is an insider in Latin-American affairs, to be sure just what has happened and what it all means.

Last Tuesday, Mexico received a sharp note from Berlin over the killing of five more Germans in street clashes with the police of the Cuevas regime. Wednesday morning brought news of an incident in which, the Governor of German Honduras reported, Mexican soldiers crossed the border and fired on German guards, who returned the fire and drove them off. That afternoon three German cruisers steamed into the harbor of Vera Cruz on what they called a goodwill visit.

President Cuevas consulted the United States Ambassador and they talked to Washington by telephone. When news of this consultation was told to German Ambassador Schmick, he made a statement to correspondents that any alliance, or even any unofficial collaboration, between Mexico and the United States could be taken by Great Germany only as being anti-German in intention. The consequences of anti-German action, he said, might be extremely grave. This was on Thursday afternoon.

On Friday morning, however, the whole situation was changed. During the night, the Blue Shirts of General Arranza loosed their well organized revolution in a score of cities at the same time. When foreign correspondents came down to breakfast, they learned that the government had changed hands and that General Arranza was now dictator of Mexico.

With Arranza's well known admiration for and friendship with the Nazi regime . . .

* * *

. . . Bureau predicts a hot sunny day with occasional thundershowers for Fourth of July vacationists tomorrow. . . . Berlin: The German Foreign Office refused today to take official notice of the Canadian protest over recent alleged incidents in Labrador. Canadian sources have reported several times during the past week that German fighting planes from the new Greenland bases have appeared over Labrador and machine-gunned villages and fishing boats. Nine Canadian citizens have been reported wounded, but none killed. Unofficial German spokesmen say that German patrol planes have strict orders to remain over Greenland territorial waters and that any Canadian fishing boats fired upon must have been violating Greenland fishing reserves. Such violations, they said, must cease. . . . Mother! Is your baby's skin itchy and irritated during the hot weather? Then you, too, will be glad to learn about Cutums . . .

CONFIDENTIAL CONFIDENTIAL

Memorandum to Newspaper Editors and Publishers

In the present unsettled condition of international affairs, the United States Department of State, with the approval of the President, feels it necessary to point out that articles and reports unfriendly to the German Empire have a profoundly disturbing effect on our relations with a great Power with whom we are at peace. Recently commercial negotiations with Great Germany, which had been making favorable progress, were broken off because of the publication in the American press of unfavorable comments on the pogroms in Britain, France, and Belgium. Several months ago harbor facilities were denied to American ships in the German West Indies, when the newspapers in the United States were publishing reports of the deaths in the Hebrides concentration camp of Messrs. Churchill, Eden, and Duff Cooper.

Without wishing in any way to impair

the freedom of the American press, the Department of State cannot too strongly urge coolness and great moderation in the handling of foreign news, particularly when it concerns the German Empire.

JAMES BIDDLE CARLETON,
Undersecretary of State.

* * *

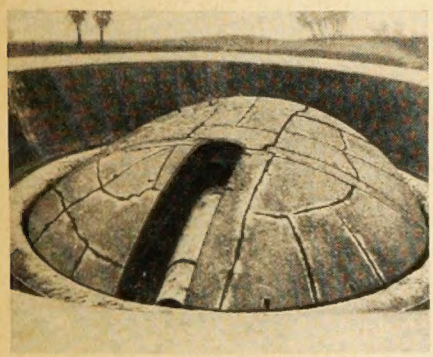
STONE, BURN U. S. EMBASSY, BEAT ATTACHE IN MEXICO CITY

Students Riot, Shout "Texas, California Are Mexican!" as Troops Mass Along Rio Grande

GERMAN, JAP NAVIES NEAR

Arranza Expresses Regret but Calls Rioters "Morally Justified"; Proposes Arbitration Talks

MEXICO, D. F., Sept. 9—While fresh divisions of the powerful Mexican mechanized army poured hourly into the stupendous new fortifications along the American border, and planes of the Sixth Air Army flew in massed formations over the whole line from the Gulf to the Pacific, students in the capital rioted last night without interference from the police. By the time Dictator Miguel Arranza's Blue Guards appeared on



the scene, the U. S. Embassy was a heap of smoking ruins and Arthur Y. Gorrick, Second Secretary, had been severely beaten for disrespect to a policeman.

Pedro Joquera, Foreign Minister, made public early this morning his messages of thanks to Vice-Admiral Yoshimimo Oti, in command of the Japanese fleet in the Pacific off Lower California, and to Admiral Hans von Rauschpinck, whose German Caribbean fleet is maneuvering off Panama . . .

* * *

. . . Chermany iss sdrong. Chermany iss tedermindt. Chermany iss nod lighdly to be insuldet. De Führer-Kanzler hass zaidt: "I vill defendt efry Cherman in de vorldt, in de Cherman Embire or oudt of it. Whoeffer lays a finker on one of my beoble vill haff to reggon vit de power of dwo hundert millionen Chermans. Ciddies vill burn. Men vill vallow in blut!"

Yesderday fife Chermans vere set ubon andt beaden by a mop in St. Chon's, New-foundt-landt. Dwo of dem diedt. Dis mornink dree Ganadian bom-bers vlew ofer Davis Sdraidt andt addempted to take pigchuss of milidary opchecdives. Dey vere driffen off by our fightders.

Sudge accressions are nod to be toleraded. Cherman batience iss egzausted. For de lasdt dime, ve ovver to negotiade de Laprador broplem. Dis ovver iss vinal. If de regless leaters of de Rebublic of Ganada vant to put de izzue to the tesdt of vorce, ve are readty. Heil Hitler!

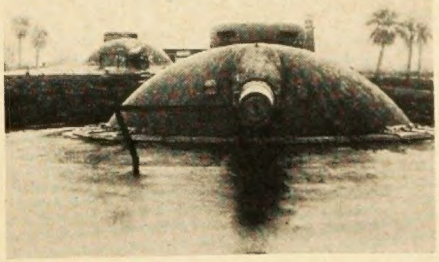
Ladies and gentlemen, the Associated Broadcasting stations have brought you, direct from Hitlerhafen, Greenland, the speech of Wilhelm Holtrich, Military Governor of Greenland, delivered in English and directed to the people of Canada. This broadcast comes to you by courtesy of Union Cigarettes, the only cigarettes made of steam-cleaned, presterilized tobacco. Be kind to your lungs! Demand Unions! They cost no more and . . .

NO WAR FOR ESKIMOS

TO THE EDITOR:

Sir: All right-thinking Americans and Canadians will sleep more soundly now that the International Arbitration

"Candid-camera shots show, according to David Pardin, U. S. tourist who took them and smuggled his film back from Jamaica, the new heavily fortified naval and air base on the island. Note heavy (probably 16-inch) guns . . . German ambassador branded Pardin's pictures 'phony.'"



Commission has reached an amicable settlement of the Labrador-Newfoundland question. All of us, except certain warmongers who masquerade as patriots, will see the common sense of the agreement, which gives Greenland a year-round outlet for her merchant shipping and deprives Canada of practically nothing. As has been pointed out, Labrador and Newfoundland belong geologically and geographically to Greenland, and the Canadian Republic's decision to cede them is a triumph of reason.

The new arrangement will be vastly more satisfactory to all concerned. During the past few weeks we have all been needlessly worried by the danger that our Canadian ally might prove stubborn and drag us into hostilities with the German Empire. I am in hearty agreement with Senator Tolley's statement that nobody in this country wants to be drawn into a war about a lot of Eskimos.

John P. Fripton.

* * *

EL PASO CLASH GRAVE

Mexico Admits Guards Crossed Border

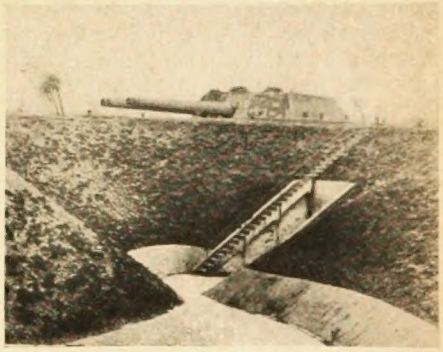
TANKS, PLANES MASS

Arranza Says U. S. Soldiers Kidnaped Two Juarez Customs Guards

DEMANDS INDEMNITY

Mexican Planes Over Houston, Dallas, San Antonio, as U. S. Protests

EL PASO, Feb. 12—State Department officials who arrived here this afternoon are still trying to get at the truth of the border clashes between Mexican and United States troops, which reached a sudden climax this morning with the appearance of swarms of Dictator Arranza's bombers over all the principal cities of southern Texas. There is still no definite news of the casualties inflicted when one Mexican flyer, ap-



parently by mistake, dropped a high-explosive bomb on Sam Houston High School. . . .

* * *

AUTHOR'S NOTE: Regrettably (or perhaps not) the dream breaks off rather abruptly here. Although I have been afflicted with this nightmare for the past year, this is as far as I ever get with it. At this point I always wake up screaming.

E. H.

Such is Mr. Hope's realistic vision: future front-page headlines, news broadcasts, etc., telling what can—and may—happen in the world and to our country from this moment until 1945. Now suppose it all has happened then! What will logically be Hitler's further aims? What will decide him to invade not Asia but America? And, meanwhile, what will be the destiny of Mussolini? Watch for the opening flash of Lightning in the Night—in Liberty next week!

GERMANY'S GRIP ON America's DEFENSE

An amazing disclosure of tribute paid, secrets revealed—and the helplessness of our laws!

READING TIME ● 14 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

FOR nineteen years the United States has been unwittingly paying a substantial royalty to the German optical-goods trust, Zeiss of Jena, for most of the firing-control mechanisms purchased for our defense forces.

Through Germany's secret penetration of many American industries and concealed ownership of many basic patents, the Reich has been kept accurately informed of American military purchases of range finders, gun sights, torpedo directors, and other instruments of war.

Great Nazi-controlled German industrial monopolies have even put effective checks on the development of American industries seeking to use American materials by American processes.

It sounds fantastic, doesn't it? But the documentary evidence is complete, and the United States government has even obtained a plea of guilty and a substantial fine from one American company which was playing Germany's game. Mark this, however: The only ground upon which the government can, and in this instance did, prosecute is violation of the antitrust laws.

As long as we are at peace with Germany we cannot seize patents obtained in the United States by Germans, directly or through American stooges. Those patents may be—and are being—used to prevent American inventors from obtaining rights to the same processes independently discovered, and to bar American industries from manufacturing articles important to national defense. The American people have no recourse except to the laborious machinery of the federal courts.

Fair enough, perhaps. A patent is a piece of property, and if the owner does not want to use it, or charges the public a high price for using it, that is his right under the law. In fact, many large American industries obtain patents and do not use them, to prevent ruinous competition. In some few exceptional cases, the results go much further and include—even though the government may be the heaviest buyer—an immense profit to which the manufacturing company had no moral right. However, the legal right is there, protected by patent.

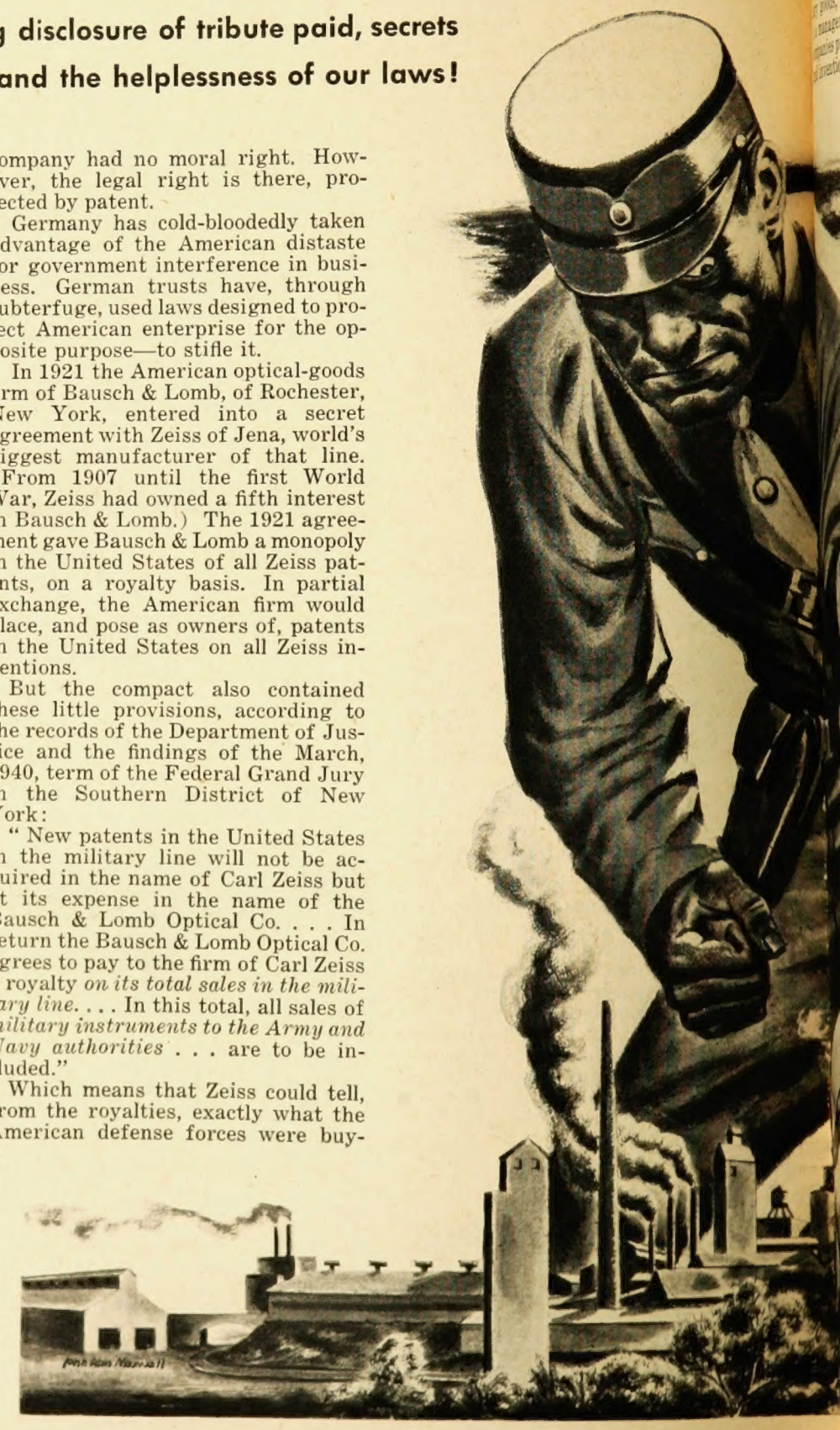
Germany has cold-bloodedly taken advantage of the American distaste for government interference in business. German trusts have, through subterfuge, used laws designed to protect American enterprise for the opposite purpose—to stifle it.

In 1921 the American optical-goods firm of Bausch & Lomb, of Rochester, New York, entered into a secret agreement with Zeiss of Jena, world's biggest manufacturer of that line. (From 1907 until the first World War, Zeiss had owned a fifth interest in Bausch & Lomb.) The 1921 agreement gave Bausch & Lomb a monopoly in the United States of all Zeiss patents, on a royalty basis. In partial exchange, the American firm would place, and pose as owners of, patents in the United States on all Zeiss inventions.

But the compact also contained these little provisions, according to the records of the Department of Justice and the findings of the March, 1940, term of the Federal Grand Jury in the Southern District of New York:

"New patents in the United States in the military line will not be acquired in the name of Carl Zeiss but at its expense in the name of the Bausch & Lomb Optical Co. . . . In return the Bausch & Lomb Optical Co. agrees to pay to the firm of Carl Zeiss a royalty *on its total sales in the military line*. . . . In this total, all sales of *military instruments to the Army and Navy authorities* . . . are to be included."

Which means that Zeiss could tell, from the royalties, exactly what the American defense forces were buy-



ing. If an artillery firing-control instrument cost $500, and Bausch & Lomb sent Zeiss a check for $35,000 covering the 7 per cent royalty, any office boy could figure that the army, say, had bought 1,000 artillery firing control instruments; that United States defenses were stronger by that many cannons.

Mind you, the American firm paid royalties to the German even on goods on which Zeiss held no patents.

But to go on with the contract: Bausch & Lomb agreed to create a special department to handle its military goods, and to put in charge of it a manager agreeable to Zeiss. The companies promised to exchange ideas and inventions, to give access to each other's factories to their "confidential representatives," but in so far as possible to keep the whole contract secret from their own employees. It was to be understood, the contract declared, that military designs would not be exchanged "whenever the highest home government of one party expressly demands that they be kept in confidence."

In 1926 the contract was rewritten, eliminating the secrecy feature. However, existence of the agreement was not advertised to the world—and the Federal Grand Jury was to find that "at all times" Bausch & Lomb refused "to sell or quote prices on military optical instruments for use outside the United States unless Zeiss had consented to such a sale."

The case never came to trial. Bausch & Lomb accepted a consent decree, and was recently fined $40,000.

I have gone into the details of the agreement for two reasons: It is declared by the Department of Justice to be almost identical in its terms with the contracts dictated by other German monopolies to their American associates. And it is the only such compact so far produced in court, and was so self-damning that Bausch & Lomb did not care to go to the expense of defending itself before a jury.

Not that the company showed no fight. "The Navy Department," says Assistant Attorney General Arnold, "was building two new cruisers early in 1940, when the government brought its suit. Bausch & Lomb was the *only source* which could make range finders for those cruisers, due to patent controls. They informed the Navy Department that, because of the pending antitrust suit, they could not furnish the range finders until six months after they were needed. Thus they threatened to tie up the use of warships when this country was straining every nerve to rearm, while the firm contested this right to maintain a monopoly power.

"The Department of Justice immediately investigated whether it was actually necessary to delay the completion of the cruisers six months unless the antitrust suit was dropped. The effect was magical. The firm paid fines, entered into a decree enjoining similar practices in the future, and agreed with the Navy to complete the contract on time."

Germany has long been famous for its scientific ingenuity, of course. When the Germans applied for foreign patents, they employed two techniques to cripple competition: They applied for patents covering every use of the process, every step in manufacture or use. Then, in really basic patents, they omitted one vital little step, so anybody trying to pirate the process would be baffled.

The next step was to find American industrial outlets who were willing to enter into agreements such as that outlined in the optical-goods case. Many of these American stooges or co-operators agreed to represent themselves as the owners of the patents, acting as dummies or placement agents for the German patentees. They further agreed to prevent any competition. Finally, they agreed to pay rich royalties, both in money and in the transmission of their own secrets and inventions, to the German corporations.

ILLUSTRATOR JOHN ALAN MAXWELL

BY WALTER KARIG

MOST, if not all, of these agreements were made when few Americans could believe that Germany would ever again be a military menace. There is no evidence of deliberate disloyalty to the United States on the part of the American manufacturers. Not until the German war machine began last spring to roll across Europe did the American partners in German enterprise realize that their agreements were pretty one-sided. Here is an extract from a memorandum to then Secretary of War, Woodring, in further evidence:

"Beryllium is a metal of great importance in the manufacture of airplane parts and other military equipment. We have evidence that the development of beryllium alloys *has been successfully retarded* in the United States through the efforts of Siemens-Halske, the great German company. This was done by controlling American patents through an agreement with the ——— Corporation and subjecting other American manufacturers to constant threats of infringement suits while withholding from them the license to use the process. In addition, to stifle the development of the beryllium industry in the United States, Siemens-Halske took out patents in the name of an American company.

"The Metal & Thermit Company took out these patents for Siemens-Halske and for *five years refused to license any one* to manufacture beryllium in the United States. In the meantime, of course, German development in the beryllium industry was very rapid. At no time was it known that the owner of these patents was Siemens-Halske until it was exposed by the Department of Justice."

Beryllium is a mineral found more extensively in the United States than anywhere else in the world. The Germans bought the ore in America, while preventing American firms from using it.

Beryllium is the third lightest element in the world. For all that, two per cent of it added to 98 per cent of copper produces an alloy harder than steel and with three times steel's ten-

sile strength, and yet much lighter. The Germans use beryllium also for its other remarkable qualities. Employed in aircraft altimeters, it makes a more sensitive diaphragm than any other substance. It is used in every bushing, in springs and magneto parts, wherever lightness, durability, and sensitivity are essential. According to Andrew Gahagan, president of the Beryllium Corporation and the subsidiary Beryllium Corporation of Pennsylvania, no German airplane parts made of beryllium-copper alloy have worn out before 12,000 hours of use. That is longer than the average peacetime life of an airplane.

Gahagan started in the beryllium business, according to his testimony before the Temporary National Economic Committee of Congress, in 1929 with an Englishman. They discovered—or thought they did—that small additions of beryllium to copper and nickel made alloys "stronger than anything the world had ever heard of before."

He started to apply for patents, and learned that Siemens-Halske had got ahead of him, and had assigned its patents to the Metal & Thermit Company, of which Dr. F. H. Hirschland was president. That company was never seriously engaged in the beryllium business, Dr. Hirschland himself subsequently testified.

AFTER fruitless negotiations with Dr. Hirschland and others, Gahagan said, he went to Germany in 1933 to deal directly with Siemens-Halske. The result was a contract in 1934 giving Gahagan's company exclusive rights to manufacture beryllium alloys in North and South America, paying Siemens-Halske a royalty. The German firm in turn agreed to pay Gahagan a reciprocal royalty, but most of this was taxed away in Germany and the balance Gahagan was not let withdraw from the Reich.

The British government was alert. Gahagan does not know how it learned of his compact with Siemens-Halske, he told the investigating committee. He did not know that the chairman of the board of Vickers, Ltd., Britain's big munitions firm, was a stockholder in his American beryllium company. But he was asked to stop off in England, and there he was told this: "We are entirely dependent upon the Malay States and Bolivia for tin. We may be cut off, and beryllium copper would be the only thing we could use for certain purposes." Then, to his surprise, the British munitions master, Jamieson, told the American that he knew the details of his secret compact with Siemens-Halske, and expressed his displeasure at the arrangement whereby the German metallurgists held a monopoly on European sales.

Two unofficial representatives of the British government then met with Gahagan and representatives of Siemens-Halske in Germany and stated an ultimatum: Either Britain could buy beryllium from the American company or its government would confiscate the Siemens-Halske and Gahagan patents in England. The Germans protested that confiscation of patents was legal only in wartime. But the Englishmen produced a law on the British statute books to prove the contrary, whereupon Siemens-Halske gave in, and authorized Gahagan to sell beryllium to England.

MILITARY optical instruments and beryllium are only two graphic examples from a long list. Krupp, the German munitions trust, has still uncounted hundreds of patents in the United States, many of them concealed in American subsidiaries or agencies. The Department of Justice is searching in those fields, spurred on by the suspicion that the details of our intensive rearmament program are thus made known to the German government, and that American taxpayers are giving a tithe of the huge defense appropriations to the Nazi munitions trust.

Germany's huge chemical monopoly, I. G. Farbenindustrie, is believed by the Department of Justice investigators to control many American patents for alloys. Preliminary cases are now being prepared. A metal-plating process, commonly used but of especial importance in military ordnance and small arms, is under German controls in exact parallel to the optical cartel.

"American companies are required to make accessible to the German companies," reads a government interdepartmental report, "detailed information with respect to the ——— method used by the United States army relative to machine guns, aircraft, and rifles. We have evidence that the German companies pass along such details to the representatives of the Italian and Turkish governments."

The government of the United States has, furthermore, quantities of evidence, beyond the ability of limited legal staffs to prepare for grand juries so far, demonstrating German penetration of the American chemical and electrical industries.

The names of some of the American firms involved are household words. Most of the firms are not deliberately "selling out" the United States to the German Reich. They have been caught in a cunning trap.

Germany has so tremendously outstripped the world in military science that, it is admitted, we have few secrets worth Hitler's possession. All of those few, it is believed—or hoped—are still our secrets, such as the precious American aviation bomb sight and certain refinements in anti-aircraft artillery.

What most enrages our government is the flow of data to Germany in the shape of royalty reports and payments by the American licensees of German patents and the price-fixing provisions of the international contracts. Germany is thus kept constantly and exactly informed as to the rate of our armament production.

But we have not been the only boobs or the biggest ones. A year ago the Germans were getting exact information about British, French, and other European armament production by the selfsame hidden route.

Likewise enraging is the realization that Germany fixes the prices we Americans pay for important items of our own defense system. If the German dictators to American industry say American licensees must charge ten dollars a pound for something it costs a dime to produce, then the price to the army or the navy is ten dollars a pound, of which a cut goes to the Reich. If the Americans refuse, then their license to manufacture under the patent is revoked. *If, then, the Americans continue the manufacture without patent license, they are violating an American law.*

HOWEVER, if the Americans are under an international price-fixing agreement, they are liable to prosecution under the Sherman anti-trust law of 1890 and subsequent amendments. That prosecution is a slow, expensive process—but nobody should object to it, because it is one of the fundamental guaranties of democratic government and individual liberties. To amend that due process of law would be like chopping off one's foot to stop a corn from hurting. And yet persistence in the evil of international price-fixing, secret-swapping, patent-trading compacts invites the other evil of government interference with business, of federal prying and snooping, which harasses the innocent majority.

Probably it is not more law we need, but more conscience, more fundamental American patriotism in certain lines of business. Sentimental twaddle? Listen to an extract from a letter seized by the government from the files of one American industrialist in cahoots with German government-controlled syndicates:

"A great many of the [German] patents that we are operating under are very weak and if we wished to we could break them ourselves and not pay royalties. But good business judgment, I believe, justifies the idea of paying royalties even on weak patents in order to maintain a price control. . . ."

In other words, for the sake of keeping a monopoly, of keeping prices above the fair-profit levels, the deal with the foreign trust was maintained. It could have been broken, thus cutting off from the Reich a constant source of valuable military information and a constant stream of money the American government and its taxpayers thought was being spent for military accessories.

It is a sad story and a grim one, but it could be gloriously terminated to the everlasting credit of American business if the participants in Germany's industrial penetration of the United States voluntarily tore up the contracts. Let the slogan be written: "Out of the millions for defense, not one cent of tribute."

THE END

YOU CAN'T HELP Lovin'

BY B. B. FOWLER

READING TIME • 18 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

AS I entered the patio, Paula cried, "Barney darling!" and came toward me with her hands outstretched, giving me the full dazzle of the famous Wandsworth smile.

Yes, I'm talking about the luscious Paula Wandsworth, who had the critics dizzy searching for fresh superlatives because of her work in When the Big Wind Came.

Her smile and the greeting in the pulse-stirring Wandsworth contralto were, I knew, for the benefit of the little knot of movie big shots and stars who were lounging around the patio.

There was a shadow in her dark eyes that told me something was worrying her. Which meant that I was going to be elected to tag it.

I knew Paula about as well as any one. In a sense, we came up together. It was my play, that same When the Big Wind Came, that gave Paula her first big chance on Broadway. She and the play made Broadway history. When Magnum Pictures bought the play, it was my insistence as much as anything else that got the fat star part for Paula. Magnum had bought the play with the idea of starring their own Lenore Talman in the production.

Yes, I knew Paula well. I knew a lot of things that she hid so carefully from the public. So I knew what she was worrying about when she said, "Barney, they are in town."

I nodded. "I know. I read about it in the sports pages a week ago."

"They" meant mostly "he," Paula's father, a crude old guy who had been managing fighters so long that he smelled of arnica and resin and sawdust. The other half of the "they" was the fighter he managed, "Kid" Burns, once "Special Delivery" Burns. They still billed him as that. But the special-delivery stamp had been long since canceled.

Paula said tensely, "They mustn't come here." She glanced toward the knot of big shots. "They could ruin everything for me; everything that it has taken so much work for me to build up. Tonight, Barney, Bud Ellington interviews me on the air."

I knew how she felt. A radio interview with Bud Ellington is the final sign that you have arrived.

The shadows deepened in her eyes and her voice grew husky with emotion. "You've got to see them, Barney. You've got to see them and explain how impossible it is! You've got to make father see!"

She turned toward her guests. "You'll excuse me for a moment, won't you?" Gaiety came easily into her voice. "Just till I get rid of Barney."

We went through the beamed-ceilinged living room, with its movie-set period Spanish furniture, into a little study that was cool and formal in the plate glass and chromium of modernistic furniture.

As we went I couldn't help thinking that I, Barney Weston, had been instrumental in getting Paula up to this. I, Barney Weston, the old sports columnist on the Star, more familiar with ball parks and football fields, more at home in the smoke and noise and hysteria of the Yankee Stadium watching a couple of boys under the glare of arc lights fighting for a title.

Sometimes I wondered how I had ever come to write When the Big Wind Came; how I had ever managed to become a Broadway and later a Hollywood success.

Paula sat down at a flat plate-glass desk and pulled a checkbook toward her. She scribbled her signature at the bottom of a check, tore it out, and pushed it across the desk toward me. "Perhaps they need money. Father is almost certain to be broke. He's always broke." There was a little tinge of bitterness in her voice. "Fill in whatever amount you think necessary. But make father understand that he mustn't come here—that it would be impossible."

I went out to the patio with her and added my contribution to the frothy conversation.

Paula was being her own charming and delightful self. She knew she could depend on me. I guess she knew that she had me securely in the web of her spell.

IT was late in the evening when I went to the Monarch, the frowzy little hotel where Dad Windle and Burnsie were staying. I climbed two flights of creaking stairs and knocked at the door to their room.

Dad Windle came to the door. He was in his undershirt and he hadn't shaved that day. The gray stubble on his aging jowls looked smoky and dirty. His bulbous nose was red-veined and his eyes were bleary and rheumy.

He gave me a thick soft hand and said, "Well, if it ain't old Barney!" He turned his head and said, "Hey, Kid, here's Barney."

Burnsie was sitting in front of the radio, bent tensely forward, one ear close to the loud-speaker. I knew from the expression on his face that he couldn't hear any too well with that ear. But the other one was strictly tin, a bunch of corrugated cartilage that would never serve as an organ of hearing again.

He glanced up from the loud-speaker and grinned. I felt a little cold and heavy inside as I remembered the Burnsie I had first seen years ago—an eager, bright-eyed kid with pink cheeks and an ingratiating smile.

Now there was a thick ridge of scar tissue over his eyes. His nose was thick and flat at the bridge. When he smiled you saw the pucker of white scars around his lips. His

Selfishness, sacrifice—and splendor! . . A searching story of two kinds of human hearts

eyes were the eyes of a guy who has taken too many around the head. They had an odd, puzzled, pleading look in them as they met yours. It was as though, behind that battered and scarred mask, something that was left of the old Burns was asking you just what it was all about.

He shook hands with me and said, "Howya, Barney." His voice had a thickened, toneless quality about it.

I looked around the shabby room with memories flocking in on me. I remembered these two when they had come roaring out of the West to make all of us sports writers sit up and blink. They had everything then. Burnsie moved before us into the ring with the effortless ease of a shadow. I could see him as I had seen him then, bobbing, weaving, as elusive as a ghost; a left hand like a rapier and a right that came over "Special Delivery."

He was in town now to fight a second-rate Mexican in a dingy little club. He'd probably get a hundred bucks for the fight, and shuffle a little closer to the world of queer shadows that even now peered from his eyes.

He went back to the radio as I glanced around; back into a tense absorption in the strident, aggressive exchange of stale gags that was labeled humor by the two alleged comedians then on the air.

I didn't get it until Dad Windle said, "We're waiting for Polly to come on. They're interviewing her tonight. Imagine that!" There was bemused awe in his voice. "They're interviewing little Polly Windle, with millions of people listening to her voice."

He turned away abruptly and went over to stand beside Burnsie as the last gag went across with the artificiality of the comedians' laughter trying to push it over hard. There was applause, then a voice said:

"Ladies and gentlemen of America, your reporter in Hollywood now brings you the voice of that beautiful, that exotic, that new sensational star of screen and stage, the incomparable Paula Wandsworth."

The applause beat loud and resoundingly in the shabby room. The awe in Dad Windle's voice was even more bemused as he remarked, "Imagine it. Little Polly Windle."

THE applause broke off like a curtain dropping and Bud Ellington's smooth voice said, "Ladies and gentlemen, tonight we bring you, not Paula Wandsworth the shining star on her pinnacle of fame, but our Paula, the little girl who stands behind the star; the little girl with the steel of high resolve to temper her dreams; the girl who could take the rebuffs and the disappointments and go forward, overcoming handicaps and surmounting barriers; getting up every time she was pushed down, working ever forward toward that goal upon which she had set her gaze. Paula Wandsworth of the brave dreams and the braver heart!"

Dad Windle's face was something to see then. There was something in his eyes that made you forget the bleariness. I couldn't see Burnsie's face. It was turned away from me as he kept his good ear glued to the radio set.

Bud Ellington's voice was asking, "Paula, would you say that success on the stage and screen is a matter of luck and fortuitous circumstance?"

Paula's laugh was a ripple of liquid silver. "Certainly not, Bud. There are three things necessary to success on the stage. The first is work." She paused dramatically. "The second is work." Again the pause. "The third is more work."

"I am sure," Bud went on silkily, "that you always dreamed of being a great actress. But was there a definite time in your life when those dreams became something more objective and tangible than mere dreams?"

"Indeed there was, Bud," Paula replied. "Of course I had always had my childish dreams. But there did come a time when the dreams became a living ambition. I was at girls' camp in the Adirondacks."

FOR a moment her voice dissolved and I saw another scene. I remembered when she went to Mountain Peak Camp.

Dad had Burnsie at a farm upstate, getting him ready for his first big chance, a fight with Pedro Corres, a Porto Rican boy.

Dad was broke at the time. It had taken all his cash to keep Polly at the exclusive private school in Boston; a school that would make of her the lady that dad wanted her to be.

At the beginning of her summer vacation Paula had joined her father at the farm. I remembered her as she was that day, standing with her back to a porch pillar, watching the two men in the ring with dislike and disgust in her great black eyes.

She was still standing there, a tall, leggy girl with the air of cool superiority that the Boston school had given her, her mouth scornful, as she watched Burnsie walk toward the showers with dad.

She was standing there when I went into the shed where a handler was working over the kid.

Dad was standing beside Burnsie, his face glum. He was saying, "Polly wants to go to a camp where a lot of her schoolmates are spending the summer. I wish I could send her. A training camp is no place for a young lady like her."

Burnsie said quickly, "You're right, dad. You send her."

"With what? I'm busted," dad growled.

"I'll give it to you, then, dad," Burnsie said. "I've got a few dollars saved up."

"I can't take your money, Kid," dad protested feebly.

"The devil you can't! Listen, dad. I don't need the money. Besides, aren't we in the big time now? We're going to make scads."

So the Kid pulled his money out of the bank and gave it to dad, and Polly went to the camp in the Adirondacks. She was there when Burnsie fought Pedro Corres.

I'll never forget that fight. It was one of those things that linger in a sports writer's mind as long as he lives. At one hundred and thirty-eight, Burnsie was perfect. Dad had brought him to a razor edge.

He went in under the white lights and wove a spell of sheer magic. He was as smooth as polished marble, as elusive as last night's dream. His left hand must have seemed to Pedro to wear a dozen gloves. His right was

ILLUSTRATOR
EDWIN HENRY

"I am sure," Bud went on, "that you always dreamed of being a great actress."

a rifle shot. In the eight rounds he tagged Pedro with it and walked to his corner.

Watching him, I knew I had seen perfection for once in my life.

Paula's voice floated out of the loud-speaker: "At the camp I took part in a playlet. Oh, it was just a silly little show put on for children by children. But something happened when I walked on that stage. I knew then that I was going to be an actress. But, even as a child, I knew that it wouldn't be easy. I would have to study and work to master a profession. I knew then that I would have to find a way. One of my friends there at the camp was going to attend the Harding School of Modern Drama. I knew that I must study there."

WHEN I heard that Dad Windle had matched Burnsie for a title bout with Al Bogart, the lightweight champ, I couldn't believe it. Dad couldn't be that crazy.

You see, I knew what every one else knew. That the Kid would never fight at one hundred and thirty-five again. He was growing fast. The thing to do was to carry him on easily for a while, taking on the heavier boys, working up for a crack at the welter champ. In a year or so—

I found dad and Burnsie in their suite at the New Gotham. I jumped on dad. "Have you gone nuts? Do you want to kill the Kid?"

Dad looked guilty and mumbled, "I know it, Barney. But the Kid made me sign up for the bout."

"I can make the weight," the Kid said confidently. "If that's what you're worrying about, Barney, stow it. I can make the weight and take the title."

Then it came out. Burnsie blurted, "Besides, we need the money. Polly wants to be an actress. She's got a chance to go to some school where they'll train her for the stage. But it takes dough. We've got to get it for her."

"My heaven!" I raved. "You don't have to commit suicide to get the dough. Take on some of the second-rate boys in the small clubs and make it the easy way."

"We couldn't make enough that way," dad said. "We figured it out. We can make plenty in this fight with the champ. We're getting a good break on the purse."

The Kid spoke up in a strange voice: "Gee, but she'll make a wonderful actress. I can just see her." The adoration in his voice and eyes was something you couldn't argue with.

I saw the fight. I wish I could forget it. The Kid came in at one hundred and thirty-five. But he left his fight back in the training camp. He was hollow-eyed and there were lines of strain around his mouth.

I could see the end as he stepped out under the lights. All the easy, fluid grace was gone. The left was just a left, without the stabbing

accuracy. The right had lost its special-delivery snap.

He tagged Al twice with that right. He put everything he had into it. But it wasn't enough. You could see the expression in Burnsie's eyes as Al took the right and bored in for more. He was licked then.

He went the rest of the way on his heart. By the time the tenth round came around the crowd was yelling to the referee to stop the fight. Joe Hannigan was the referee and it was a title match. He couldn't stop it.

I went to the dressing room after the fight. They were cutting the gloves off Burnsie's hands. I looked at his face as they sponged it off, and wanted to be sick. I walked out because I couldn't take any more.

But Polly went to the Harding School of Modern Drama.

The golden magic of her voice was filling the shabby room as she answered another question of Bud Ellington's. "The next year I made my debut in summer stock. That was worse than the school. All through the summer I worked twelve and fourteen hours a day, playing one part while I rehearsed another."

That was the summer that dad and Burnsie began their campaign in the welter class. But it was different now. Something had happened to Burnsie that night in the ball park. The old dash was gone.

He fought three times that summer and whipped his men. But they were all second-raters and dad was only collecting second-rate purses. It took all they made to keep Polly in summer stock.

Burnsie did the paying. He beat his men, but he took punishment that he never had taken before that night in the ball park. He was making his money the hard way now.

"That winter," Paula said, "I determined to lay siege to Broadway. I knew I was ready for my chance. And I knew, just as certainly, that I would have to work and fight to get that chance."

I REMEMBERED that winter. Polly had a nice little apartment in the Village. From that she sallied out every day to make the rounds. She was lovely now. The chance was bound to come. Harding was pulling for her. But even at that, it took time. There were long months of rebuffs before Polly got her first bit on Broadway.

That was the winter that Burnsie did his so-called comeback campaign, fighting around the small clubs, getting the odd semifinal in the Garden. An old veteran at twenty-four, meeting the ambitious boys who wanted to use him for a steppingstone.

Polly did an excellent job in her first bit. The critics noticed her and said nice things about her, made predictions that she would be heard from when she got her first break.

I was working on my play that winter. I started it with no idea of ever seeing it produced. But as I worked I began to feel the thing. I could see Polly playing the lead in it.

"But," Bud asked, "didn't you, in all that time, ever get impatient? Didn't you want to go ahead faster?"

Again Paula's ripple of golden mirth. "I got too ambitious, Bud. I forgot my rule, quit my part in the play, and started for Hollywood. For the first time in my life, I tried to push my luck. And, as usually happens, I found that it couldn't be done. On Broadway I had been making myself known. In Hollywood I was just another ambitious girl looking for a chance. After a few months I had sense enough to return to Broadway and start over again in a bit part."

DAD and Burnsie did well that winter. It was as close to the top as he had come since he had first come out of the West. He won a couple of fights at St. Nicholas Palace, and Polly got her trip to Hollywood.

He won a couple more starts and a semifinal at the Garden, and Polly was able to stick in the movie capital while she made the rounds. But by that time she was ready to go back to New York.

Burnsie got a Garden final about this time, and took another lacing. But Polly got her fare back to New York and a stake to last her until she got another start.

There was exultation in Paula's voice. "Then my chance came. Barney Weston had written his play, When the Big Wind Came. I had known Barney for years. He confided in me that his play had been written for me. So I got the chance for which I had worked and waited for so many bitter years."

Burnsie turned his head and gave me a smile that put a lump in my throat. Dad slapped my shoulder and said, "Good old Barney!"

Burnsie was back in the small clubs the winter I finished my play. I still didn't dare hope ever to see it produced. But I knew Berkholdt was looking for something, so I got to him with my opus that I had written with Polly in mind.

Berkholdt read the play and believed he had something in it. When I mentioned Polly, he, to my surprise, agreed with me. He had had his eyes on her, and could see what I had put into the play for her.

The rest you know. When the Big Wind Came was a smasheroo. And in it Paula Wandsworth emerged as a great actress. So, when Magnum Pictures began to dicker, I sold to them with the guaranty that Paula should get the same lead in the picture as she had on the stage.

That year dad and Burnsie began to tour the sticks. I hadn't seen them since that time until tonight.

"So," Paula concluded, "you have my story. It's not a brilliant nor exciting story. It is, rather, just a tale of hard work. My only hope is that it will give some struggling girl fresh hope and courage; will give her fresh heart to buckle down and go on working, working, working."

Dad breathed, "Little Polly Windle! It seems almost like magic."

Burnsie snapped off the radio and said in his thick toneless voice, "I always knew it. I always knew she had the stuff. I only wisht we could have helped her more and maybe made it easier and quicker for her."

Again there was that open and naked adoration that was so poignant in his dull eyes and duller voice.

I changed the subject. This one was more than I could take. We talked about next night's fight.

"That bum!" dad said. "Burnsie will take him in a walk."

He looked at me with his bleary old eyes and said, "Burnsie is making a swell comeback. He tagged a guy in Seattle with that old special delivery the other night. It's as good as it used to be."

That subject was even more painful. I got up, my fingers curled around the check in my pocket.

"It was swell of you to drop in, Barney," dad said. He hesitated, licking his lips. "If you see Polly, tell her"—he stumbled over the words—"tell her sometime we'll come around and see her." He glanced at Burnsie. "When the Kid knocks over some of these bums and we get back in the chips again. We couldn't go to see her like we are now."

"O. K., dad, I'll tell her that. She'll be pleased to hear that you are on your way up."

I WENT out with the check crumpled in a ball in my hand. I straightened it out when I faced Paula again in the cool modernistic study. "I didn't need this," I said thickly.

Paula's forehead wrinkled in a tiny frown. "You mean he doesn't need this? He's not broke?"

"He's rich," I said slowly. "In some ways he's got more than you or I will ever have."

"Isn't he going to try to see me?"

I shook my head. "He won't bother you. You can forget all about him."

I turned and walked toward the door. At the door I stopped. Paula was tearing up the check, gazing at me with an odd expression in her eyes. "What's the matter, Barney? You look so queer!"

I smiled. "It's nothing. I just want to go out for a walk. I'll see you in the morning."

I thought of something else. "You were great in your interview, Paula."

She gave me one of her dazzling smiles. "You thought so, Barney? That's swell of you. It seemed so prosaic and dull as I delivered it into the microphone."

"It wasn't dull, Paula," I said. "It was dramatic and moving."

I went out. I wasn't sore at Paula. There was nothing to be sore about. I just wanted to be alone.

THE END

The Private Mind of Spencer Tracy

READING TIME • 12 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

THE effect of art is sometimes different from its purpose, and more important. The purpose of moving pictures is to amuse and entertain; the incidental effect is to provide most Americans with ideas and ideals of human experience and human nature. The critical moment we now live in compels us to ask whether the ideas of experience furnished by our pictures are complete or true, whether the ideals are high enough or important enough for adults.

Our planning for national defense takes account of those fifth columns and Trojan horses which may be sent against us by an enemy from outside, but we ourselves are sapping our moral and intellectual strength if, as a nation, we expose our character and our mind to entertainment which is afraid to give the facts of life and serves us instead with pap.

It makes no difference whether the films portray comedy or tragedy. Let us by all means enjoy what fun there is left in the world! But even a comedy can teach rock-bottom truth, and even a tear-jerking tragedy can be made out of falsehood and nonsense.

Hollywood has the right to say we are getting better pictures than we had a year or so ago. That is, the subject matter of American films here and there becomes more mature. At present we are in the midst of a biographical or historical vogue which is gratifyingly profitable—a vogue so popular that, as the producers themselves say, the rising generation will think all famous people looked like movie stars.

For the backgrounds of these pictures, Hollywood sends the cameras and the company to Virginia or Africa or wherever the story is located, and the place as it now looks is photographed on the spot, and if we see the picture and visit the place we are convinced that the photography is accurate. This accuracy begets in Hollywood a sense of virtue. If this isn't truth to life, what is?

The so-called accuracy is of course misleading. A photograph of Williamsburg today is not a picture of the Williamsburg Jefferson and Washington knew. The recent restoration of the town brought to life only certain very important buildings, but the other houses which lined the streets are long since gone beyond recovery. This point, however, is secondary. We should first ask whether it is good to accept the doctrine that accuracy of information is the same thing as truth to life.

On this question, as on most others, Hollywood is far from unanimous. Producers and directors may think they are getting somewhere by photographing historical places for scenery, but some of the actors have their doubts. Being actors, they know by instinct this difference between a play and a travelogue.

I was curious to know what Spencer Tracy thought about this. He was the natural person to give the actor's point of view, not only because of his great ability but because he has played distinguished roles in pictures with historical backgrounds. I asked him if realism is achieved by photographing actual places for scenery.

"Of course not," he said promptly. "That sort of thing gives us authentic information about a place; but realism, as I understand it, must be contributed by the actor, not by the camera."

We were talking on a set in Hollywood one afternoon while he worked with Clark Gable, Claudette Colbert, and Frank Morgan in a scene from his new picture, Boom Town. In between shots he would come over and pick up the discussion. What was going on there in the studio added stimulus and comment to what we were saying.

Boom Town is a story of the oil fields in the West, a great industry in its early evolution glimpsed through the personal drama of the kind of men who made the evolution possible. Here is an opportunity for an accurate account of history, also a challenge to the screen to portray human nature truly. So far as the story is a drama, the interest is in the men, not the oil. The two chief characters, played by Tracy and Clark Gable, are in love with the same woman. One of them wins and then deserts her; the other, played by Tracy, reunites them even though he is in love with the woman himself.

BY JOHN ERSKINE

Do movies tell the truth? Here's one actor's answer

If the scene which was in rehearsal when I visited the set represents the method of the whole film, we shall have no attempt to give a travelogue account of the oil country. Isolated from the rest of the story, the scene is of little emotional content—just a cheerful reunion of old acquaintances. In the complete film, however, the scene probably gains tenseness from what has gone before, and the patient efforts of the director and the actors have for their purpose to increase the intensity by understatement, by extreme naturalness of every word and gesture.

THE meeting takes place in rolling landscape on top of a hill. On the film the background will be a vast panorama of landscape in the Southwest, but in the studio it was only a screen some fifteen feet square on which the landscape was thrown in color from a lantern slide. Whether the lantern slide portrayed any particular place I seriously doubt. The emphasis was not on pictorial accuracy but on drama. The actors, not the camera, would have to convince us that what we saw was true.

I had just seen Edison the Man. The two films put, as it were, side by side contrasted a distinguished employment of historical accuracy with universal human truth.

I asked Spencer Tracy if he agreed that the historical accuracy which Hollywood now goes in for is essentially an importation of the newsreel or travelogue.

"Of course," he said. "It's a good thing, too, in its place. We all like to see places as they really were or are. But a play is something else.

"I'd go even further," he continued, after a moment's thought. "The portrayal of a character is not only separate from the background or scenery—it may also be, to a certain extent, separate from the most notable accomplishments of that character. In portraying Edison, for example, it wasn't enough to tell the audience what they knew already: that Edison invented his light bulb. Even when he wasn't accomplishing anything, in the intervals between achievements, he must have been recognizable as a great man. I kept asking myself, What was he like when he wasn't inventing?"

"That's all very well for great men," I said, "but how about lesser folk?"

"The same for them," he replied. "In Grapes of Wrath, for example, the characters are terms in a social and economic problem, but they are also human beings, and they would be individuals even if the problem didn't exist."

"But how can a character be portrayed as great aside from what he does?"

"Well," said he, "sometimes a man is great because of what he refuses to do; and sometimes the character of a famous man is revealed in small things which his fame overlooked. In the Edison film, for example, the inventor's courage and persistence count for more than his success. To build up the real Edison, we tried to suggest those little ways of friendship, those instincts of loyalty and justice, which made the men in his laboratory devoted to him; and I had to indicate his qualities in my manner so far as I could, even when I was saying or doing nothing in particular."

"Even so," I asked, "how true to history were you? Did you give the real Edison?"

"My idea of Edison," he corrected.

"Then the portrait isn't realistic?"

"Realism," said he, "is always some one's idea of reality. It gets the name of real when the audience agrees it is true. If I can't convince the audience, then the portrait won't seem real, no matter how true it is."

"But that brings us back to where we started," said I. "Are the pictures becoming more real, in your sense? If they are, then they express us better, they reflect more closely the American character."

He smiled. "There are a good many kinds of American character, aren't there?"

Before I could answer, he was summoned to his rehearsing. I was thinking that his was the American character in one of its most attractive varieties, that his screen popularity is great precisely because so many Americans recognize themselves in him. They flatter themselves that they have his humor, his sincerity.

He comes well by his humor through his Irish father, and his Americanism comes from his mother's ancestors, who settled in the colonies more than two hundred years ago. Born in a happy and comfortable family, he has never, as you might say, settled down, the pioneer and the adventurer being still strong in him. At the age of seven he ran away from home—for a day. And in the World War, though he was only a boy, he enlisted in the navy. After the armistice his father sent him, against his will, to college, where he tried the debating team and then the dramatic club. After that his destiny was clear.

IN Hollywood they say he is first and foremost an actor—by which they mean, among other things, that his love of the screen is absorbing. He spends most of his evenings, they say, looking at moving pictures—not for casual amusement but to improve his art. You can't talk to him five minutes without feeling the dignity and modesty of the true artist.

You see, I am describing the very traits which Spencer Tracy conveyed to us in his Edison, or indeed in most of the persons, real or imaginary, whom he has created on the screen. It's an American ideal, but oddly enough it is not the ideal which in all its implications the screen has hitherto stood for. The Edison character, which I believe Spencer Tracy illustrates, is the exploring and building type, eager to discover truth and make it available for others. In such a temperament there can be no toleration of ignorance which others impose upon us for our good, no acceptance of the timidities of the hush-hush school of morals.

When Spencer Tracy came off the set again, he said:

"I don't suppose you mean that we should always play roles which are labeled American. They might be Europeans, mightn't they, so long as they were used to express an American ideal?"

"Or even a European ideal."

"No; an American ideal. The audience wouldn't recognize themselves in anything else, and it's the audience that must get expressed. The right way, I am sure, is to play the character as we see it, and let history take care of itself."

"I can see," I said, "that the kind of truth which only the actor can convey is something the audience will recognize out of their experience. But, to secure this effect of convincing reality, should pictures give us any particular kind of story or character which we don't get now?"

He thought a moment. "I doubt it. We get all kinds of character, don't we? The only restriction is in what we are permitted to say about them."

"But that's the same thing as not being allowed to portray them!"

"Not quite the same thing," he answered. "If all types of character are already permissible on the screen, we shall gradually win the privilege of understanding them."

"You're not interested, then, in people of any particular economic group?"

He looked surprised. "Why should I be? I am interested in people. They may be in one group today and in another tomorrow."

YET I think he is interested, more than he realizes, in characters which are rising from a lower to a higher condition; and after talking with him I believe he will always prefer people who can survive their success, especially people who, though successful in the main, bear their weight of human sorrows. Though he is more interested in interpreting people as they are than in putting over social or economic theories, yet his interpretations suggest the liberal point of view, which is implicit in the generosity of his own nature.

"But," I said, returning to the question which bothered me, "the films which we seem to demand cannot possibly cover the whole range of a mature person's experience. Our pictures may be growing toward a real presentation of life, but only a small part of our life is presented."

He agreed eagerly. "I like to believe the audience will gradually accept more and demand more; then the screen will give it to them. That's the tendency now, don't you think?"

"You speak of the audience," I said, "and I admit that theirs is the controlling influence; but why

shouldn't screen actors of the first rank demand something too? In other arts—architecture, sculpture, painting—the great artists set the pace for the public."

He thought a moment. "In those other arts," he said, "the leaders can wait for the public to catch up; but the actor must speak to his public immediately during the performance. However, there is no reason why we shouldn't exercise more leadership than we do. I believe there is a gradual pressure in that direction. But I think it should be leadership in artistic ideals rather than in political or economic or social theories, since pictures are the art of the people and should give a real portrait of them rather than of the individual artist."

"Shouldn't a film give more than the portrait of individual characters?" I asked. "Shouldn't we be able to see from a number of individual screen characters something that we'd all recognize as a true account of life, the general principles of it, the inevitable relations of cause and consequence?"

"And you don't think the screen gives those principles?" he asked.

"I don't. Do you?"

For a moment he was very serious indeed. "I wouldn't say the screen is entirely false to life, but I agree that it sometimes dodges the deeper principles, sometimes soft-pedals what you call cause and effect."

"To that extent, then," I said, "aren't our pictures selling out the audience?"

"Perhaps the audience isn't fooled," he replied. "Perhaps they are willing to accept a certain amount of nonsense, as they accept a dramatic convention, in exchange for something else which they really enjoy."

"But great dramatists don't feed the world nonsense. If audiences habitually find their entertainment in stories which aren't true, they'll lose the ability to find pleasure in stories which are. Shan't we end up after much picture seeing by believing that the homes of the rich in America are as the pictures portray them, and that the poor almost never occur, and the middle class, unless it is comical, never exists? That's the picture our screen asks us to recognize as true, isn't it?"

He laughed. "You're a little hard on us, but you and I don't disagree. I hope pictures will tell the whole truth of life while I'm still on the screen."

THE END

☆ THE BOOK OF THE WEEK ☆

by Oliver Swift

★★★★ **THE HEART IS A LONELY HUNTER** by Carson McCullers. Houghton Mifflin Company.

A brilliant book, describing with deep insight and powerful imagination the lives of four lonely people in a Southern mill town.

Hear that, Matilda?
SHE'S STILL CRYING LIKE A BABY!
ALICE SAW THOSE GIRLS FROM HER BRIDGE CLUB WHISPERING. IT WOULD BREAK MY HEART, TOO, IF ANYBODY SAID MY CLOTHES HAD TATTLE-TALE GRAY
BUT THE POOR THING WORKS SO HARD. IT'S HER WEAK-KNEED SOAP THAT LEAVES DIRT BEHIND. SHE OUGHT TO CHANGE TO FELS-NAPTHA SOAP — GOLDEN BAR OR GOLDEN CHIPS
THAT'S WHY I'VE BEEN SAVING THIS AD THAT TELLS HOW FELS-NAPTHA'S RICHER, GOLDEN SOAP AND REAL NAPTHA HUSTLE OUT EVERY LAST SPECK OF DINGY, TATTLE-TALE GRAY. LET'S SLIP IT UNDER HER DOOR
FEW WEEKS LATER
A PRESENT FOR US? — WHY, WE DIDN'T DO A THING!
YES, YOU DID — YOU LITTLE FOXES! AND MY, HOW SWEET AND WHITE MY WASHES LOOK SINCE I TOOK YOUR TIP AND PUT THAT BIG, GOLDEN FELS-NAPTHA BAR TO WORK
HUMPH! I KNEW YOU'D BE PLEASED! AND THERE'S NOTHING LIKE FELS-NAPTHA SOAP CHIPS FOR WASHING MACHINES! HUSKIER GOLDEN CHIPS — THEY'RE NOT PUFFED UP WITH AIR LIKE FLIMSY, SNEEZY POWDERS. SO SUDSY, TOO — THANKS TO THAT NEW ADDED SUDS-BUILDER!

Golden bar or golden chips—
Fels-Naptha banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"

COPR. 1940 FELS & CO.

READING TIME • 24 MINUTES 16 SECONDS

WHO KILLED THIS WOMAN?

TWENTY years after her husband had supposedly committed suicide, the wealthy Moira Ballinger is found dead under weirdly similar circumstances, even to the little silver-mounted revolver used for the deed. Dr. Horatio Pennypacker, who phones the New York Homicide Squad, hints that neither of the deaths was self-inflicted.

The Ballinger family has been anything but harmonious. Moira's son David was cast off because he had married a poor Polish girl. Her stepson, Sidney, was indifferent to his mother except as a source of cash which he needed. And the daughter, Patricia, lived her own life and was contemptuous of the gay widow who threw money away on a jaded gigolo, Jeffrey Linscott.

Inspector Herschman and "Spike" Tracy, a clever young sleuth, take the mystery trail, but they are completely baffled. The three Ballinger heirs appear to have good alibis, though they all act suspiciously. Moira's elderly sister, Ollie, who lived with her, could not give the police any clue; she had been out to the movies with a couple of the servants when the crime (if it was a crime) had been perpetrated.

Queer Dr. Pennypacker had directed suspicion at the family lawyer, James P. Worts; and the two detectives on the case were certain the French maid in

By

HARRIETTE ASHBROOK

the Ballinger house, Adrienne Cachin, knew a lot she wasn't telling. Then, to their confounding, both Worts and Adrienne are murdered—one in Manhattan near the East River, the other in the region of the Palisades on the Hudson.

As part of his job on the case, Spike tries to win the friendship of hard-boiled Patricia; but she is elusive. Quite unexpectedly, following the killing of Lawyer Worts and Adrienne Cachin, she appears at the inspector's office one morning. She is about to reveal something to Herschman and Spike, when she catches sight of the silver-mounted revolver that slew her father and mother. Patricia gives a little scream, which she stifles with frightened hands.

PART FIVE—
A THWARTED GETAWAY

FOR a moment Patricia just stood staring at the revolver. It was as if it exerted some strange, sinister fascination that held her transfixed, immobile. Only a tiny nerve above one nostril quivered, jerked. Slowly her knees gave way under her and she sank back into the chair. She breathed heavily.

"What were you about to say, Miss

Ballinger?" Herschman's voice cut roughly through the silence.

She made no answer. She just sat there, staring.

Herschman looked at Spike in appeal. Spike rose and came over and stood in front of the girl. "Stand up," he said sharply.

It pierced through the trance that held her. She stood up.

"Look at me."

She looked at him.

"What's on your mind?"

She looked at him hard and long.

"I won't tell you!"

MRS. JASON TALMAN was in a flutter.

"But, my dear," she burbled to the maid who had given her the message, "but what can they *want?* I mean, what have I done? I mean, it's too absolutely thrilling. Wanted by the police!"

"They requested that you get in touch with them immediately when you got back to town. They've called every day to see if you'd returned."

"You didn't tell them where I was?" Mrs. Talman stopped fluttering and started trembling instead. When, in the absence of one's husband, one goes off for a few days with another gentleman, one hardly wants to confide in the police. "Whatever can it *be?*"

"Perhaps, madame, it's about the Ballinger murder case."

"The—*what?*" She dropped the nail file.

"The Ballinger murder case. Mrs. Ballinger was murdered. Didn't you see it in all the papers?"

"No—we—I didn't read the papers. But—Moira *murdered!*"

"Yes, madame. And then, a day or so later, Mr. Worts, Mrs. Ballinger's lawyer; and after him her maid, Adrienne Cachin. They were murdered too."

"But I was there—at her home—just before I went away."

"Yes, madame. That's probably what they want to ask you about."

"Tell me — tell me everything." And the maid recounted as much of the story as had appeared in the newspapers.

"Oh, I'm frightened!" Mrs. Talman clutched the maid, seeking comfort.

"But, madame, you have done nothing."

"I know; but they may start asking questions about where was I on such and such a night, and what was I doing, and . . ."

IT was a great relief, when she got to Headquarters some two hours later, to find that the police were not at all interested in her private life. They wanted only an account of her visit to the house on East Eighty-fourth Street on the afternoon before Moira Ballinger was murdered.

"But really, you know, Inspector, I can't imagine who'd do such a thing. Of course I know Moira wasn't exactly a lovable character, but really, murder is just too much, isn't it?"

Inspector Herschman broke in: "What, specifically, were the facts of your visit to Mrs. Ballinger? First, you arrived between three thirty and four. For what purpose?"

"Why—well, for no purpose, really. I mean, I just dropped in, you know, to see her."

"Just a friendly call. You were a very close friend of Mrs. Ballinger?"

"No, I wouldn't say that. Not really close. I don't believe she had any. But she did give wonderful parties at that Long Island place of hers. That's where I met—"

Mrs. Talman almost bit her tongue with the abruptness with which she halted. She had almost said "Harry," the gentleman of the recent rendezvous.

"And did she seem troubled or upset in any way while you were there?"

"Oh, no. At least, not so any one could notice. We talked a while—"

"What about?"

"Oh, I don't remember. Nothing important. Just this and that. And then we had tea, and right in the middle of it Mr. Linscott came, and so of course I left because—well—" She smirked meaningfully. "After all, three *is* a crowd, although I will say that Mr. Linscott didn't seem any too anxious for me to leave. Oh, now, don't mistake me. I don't think for an instant that he's interested in *me.* His attention, of course, has often wandered, but not in my direction. I suppose that's why Moira has always been more or less friendly toward me—"

"What time did you leave the Ballinger house?"

"Oh, about—well, I should think about four thirty, because I had an appointment at the hairdresser's at five and—"

"Mrs. Talman." It was Spike this time, breaking through the flow of words. Mrs. Talman looked pleased.

"Mrs. Talman, was Mr. Linscott a very—ah—intimate friend of Mrs. Ballinger?" There was an accent, a nuance, on the "intimate" that was full of meaning, and Mrs. Talman got it right away.

"Well—ah—I suppose you would—I mean—" She floundered, then set her small rouged mouth in a censorious line. "I am afraid," she said, "he was."

"For how long?"

"Oh, for years and years."

"Do you know whether Mr. Linscott had a key to the Ballinger house?"

"I wouldn't be at all surprised," she said, with proper disapproval. (Heavens, she must be sure and get Harry to give back her key. If any-

Try your skill at tracking down a murderer!

Whom, in this exciting novel, do you suspect?

thing should happen and it was found on him!)

"And by the way, Mrs. Talman, what is Mr. Linscott's first name? I don't seem to remember it."

"Jeffrey."

Spike, sinking back into the easy chair, hid the satisfaction of his expression behind a barrage of cigarette smoke. That name—Linscott—He remembered now.

THE minute the door closed behind her, he sprang at Herschman, and for a moment the inspector seemed in grave danger of being kissed. But instead he was shaken.

"Linscott, Inspector — Linscott! Don't you remember?"

"Remember what?"

"That name. Where we saw it. Here—" He started hunting feverishly through the papers on the desk. "Here's your guy. The one you were looking for. The some one else in the case that up to this time we haven't even smelled. Where the heck is that list?"

"What list?"

"That list of— Here. Here it is! The tenants of that apartment house on West End Avenue that Worts visited the night Moira Ballinger was killed and the night after." He spread the paper out and ran a finger down the roster of names. Adams . . . Coates . . . Fanning . . .

The moving finger paused midway down the list after the name of Jeffrey Linscott.

"Linscott came while the two women were having tea," Spike recapitulated. "He must have had a key, because the butler, Nicholas, said he admitted no one but Sidney Ballinger and Mrs. Talman."

"Yeah; but here's the thing I can't understand: He might have got in without the butler seeing him, because the butler stays down in the basement mostly except when he's answering the door. But how did he get by the maid, Adrienne, without being seen?"

"He didn't, probably."

"But her story agreed with the butler's—only two visitors."

"Sure. But she probably was lying. I—ah—" He groped for a phrase that would convey distrust without indicating its source. "I don't think the worthy Adrienne was quite as worthy as she might seem at first glance. Anyway, Linscott stayed from four thirty to some time before six thirty, when Mrs. Ballinger summoned Nicholas to tell him she would have her dinner in her room. In that interim something happened—something that caused her to make an appointment with Worts. And I have an idea that it had something to do with this bird Linscott. Come on; let's get going."

On their way to the West End Avenue address he sketched in briefly a few additional significant strokes. "On Tuesday night, the night Moira Ballinger is murdered, Worts visits some one at West End Avenue—Linscott, very likely. And on Wednesday, the night *after* Moira Ballinger was murdered, he goes there again, probably for another visit with Linscott.

"But when he finds he is being followed, he calls off the visit, and instead he telephones from a cigar-store booth, presumably to Linscott, explaining why he did not put in an appearance. Then the following night, Thursday, Worts sneaks out via the roof of his house, and sometime around ten he telephones the chief of the Homicide Squad and makes an appointment to be at his office the following morning to tell him 'something important.'

"But he never gets there. Instead he gets it in the head in a dark alley on the water front. It's going to be mighty interesting to hear what Mr. Jeffrey Linscott was doing last Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday evenings. Mattie is snuffed out on Tuesday evening; Worts, Thursday; and Adrienne Cachin on Friday. Mighty interesting!"

"Look here," Herschman put in. "You said something one time—it was when we were first called in on this case—about a guy Moira Ballinger had been playing around with for years. Do you suppose this is him?"

"I rather imagine it is. We were mugs not to have thought of him before."

WHEN the two men from Headquarters rang the bell of the apartment on West End Avenue, a man, after some delay, answered its summons.

"Mr. Linscott?" Herschman inquired, and took in at one expert glance the figure standing in the doorway—black hair with bits of gray in it, a weak, drooping mouth, and haggard blue eyes looking out from deep sockets. Forty-five, perhaps fifty. He inclined his head slightly at Herschman's inquiry.

"I'm Inspector Herschman of the Homicide Squad." He drew out his badge in confirmation. "This is Mr. Tracy—from the District Attorney's office. We'd like to talk to you for a few minutes."

The illumination in the hall was dim and it was difficult to see his expression as the inspector made the introduction.

"Why, I'm—ah—you see—" For the first time the man spoke. His voice was hoarse and hesitant. "Could you—give me any idea what you—what it's about? You see—"

The inspector made as if to push his way in, but Linscott quickly forestalled him. He even went further. He stepped into the hall and pulled the door to. He stood with one hand behind him, clutching the knob.

"Really, Inspector," he said truculently, "I'll have to ask you to be a little more specific. You know, the police can't go barging into people's apartments any time they— Damn!" With an exasperated exclamation, he turned and eyed the door through which he had just come. It had closed.

"And I haven't got my key with me." He was very irritated, and yet, strangely enough, at the same time he was more affable. "Sorry, gentlemen. If you'll just wait here, I'll go down and get the superintendent to come up with his key."

He started down the hall toward the transverse passage that led to the elevators; but a detaining hand was laid on his arm. It was Spike. "Never mind," he said; "We'll go. You wait here."

And as this seemed perfectly agreeable to Linscott, Spike and the inspector left him in front of his own door, disappeared around the bend in the hall, and rang for the elevator. And then Spike went through an elaborate pantomime. At first Herschman looked puzzled. Then he caught on.

When the elevator descended it carried only the inspector.

Spike waited until the clang of the elevator had died down. Then, noiselessly on the soft pile of the hall carpet, he tiptoed down to the bend in the hall and peeped around the corner. Jeffrey Linscott, who two minutes before had been standing in the hall in front of his apartment, was gone. Spike frowned. Then he waited. And presently the door to the apartment opened and three people came out. Spike stared and his mouth dropped open.

"But, Jeffrey, why must I hurry off so?" The voice was feminine and high-pitched and a trifle whiny.

"Run along now, darling, and I'll see you tonight."

"But, Jeff—"

"*Come along!*" It was a second feminine voice, hard, curt, firm.

As the two girls came down the hall Spike hastily retreated from his Peeping Tom position and ducked down the stairs, taking them two at a time. He had ten stories to go, racing against the elevator, but luck was with him. He emerged cautiously into the lower hall just as the two feminine figures were going out the door onto the street. He lingered in the lobby as he watched them exchange a few words on the sidewalk in front of the building.

Then one of them took a taxi and the other one got into a limousine which was waiting at the curb and drove off. Spike hailed a cab and followed the limousine.

YEAH," said Herschman; "he was waiting for me, all right. Right there in the hall in front of the door."

It was some time later, and Spike and the inspector were back at Headquarters exchanging notes. "I had the superintendent with me, and he unlocked the door and we went in."

"And how did you make out?"

Herschman wrinkled his brow and pursed his lips. "I dunno. I can't decide. After we got sitting down talking he was as calm and affable as you please."

"Interesting. He was definitely nervous and irritated when we first got there."

"Yeah, I noticed that. He answered

all my questions readily enough. He was almost airy at times in his unconcern. Said yes, he'd been a friend of Mrs. Ballinger for many years. Oh, sure, there had been plenty of gossip about the two of them; but then, there really wasn't anything to it.

"Said yes, sure, he knew Worts. Terribly shocked by his death, too. Was it really murder and did it have any connection with the Ballinger case? Yes, occasionally he and Worts got together. They often played chess together. No, he hadn't seen Worts lately. Full of glib gab."

"But did you tax him specifically with his whereabouts on Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday nights of last week? What had he to say about that?"

"That's what I can't decide about. Said he was out Thursday and Friday evenings. Thursday he drove up to Bronxville to call on a friend—I've got the name and address—but the guy wasn't home. Nobody home; not even the servants. He got back late—about one o'clock, he thinks. Friday he went to the movies alone, and afterward, because it was hot, he drove around in his car until after midnight. Didn't meet any one he knew."

"What movie'd he go to?"

"Donald Derr in The Sea Rogue, over at the Barrett."

"Donald Derr seems to be doing a rushing business with the personnel of the great Ballinger murder mystery," Spike observed. "Go on. How'd his statements check with the apartment-house employees and the garage where he keeps his car?"

"O. K. Everything checked. But he's got nobody to vouch for the hours between the time he left and the time he got back."

"How was he on the sequences in The Sea Rogue?"

"I couldn't tell. I haven't seen the picture myself, so I'll have to check him later on that."

SPIKE was thoughtful. "In other words, he's wide open for Thursday and Friday nights."

"Yeah. But, if it checks, he's got an unbeatable one for Tuesday night. From eight thirty Tuesday evening until well after twelve he was calling on his fiancée at her home on Park Avenue."

"And who might she be?"

"It's the daughter of the big oil and copper magnate. Her name's Lillian Gillespie."

At the sound of the name, a slow grin of satisfaction spread itself once more over Spike's face. "Now," he said complacently, "we're getting some place."

"What do you mean?"

So he recounted his share of the afternoon's experiences — with one principal deletion. He failed to explain that when he was standing guard in the upper hall while Herschman searched for the superintendent *two* females came out of the door leading to the Linscott apartment.

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A fisherman with Velvet is a fisherman with *luck*. That mellow Burley flavor takes the "bite" out of a pipe and makes a cigarette smoke *right*. Whether you catch 'em or whether you don't, Velvet smoking's the best to be had!
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Velvet
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MILD and COOL
Positively NO BITE
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He mentioned only one of them, the one with the limousine.

"And so I followed her limousine," he went on. "She got out on Park Avenue, at a very swanky apartment building, and dismissed her car and went in. I found out from the doorman that she was Miss Lillian Gillespie."

"That the address?" Herschman showed Spike a notation he had made during the interview with Linscott.

"Yes, that's it."

"O. K. Let's get going."

"Where to?"

"Up to Miss Gillespie's. We don't want that alibi of his to get doctored any more than it is."

"Doctored? How do you mean?"

"I mean, why the devil did he deliberately shut himself out of the apartment and then pull all that hocus-pocus about the key? Key my eye! He was playing for time. If we'd let him go downstairs in search of the superintendent, he'd probably have come back up the service entrance, sneaked in the back door, sneaked her out, had a word with her, and then brought the super up the front way with him. As it was, we served his purpose just as well."

Spike hesitated. Herschman was motioning him to come along. He would have greatly preferred to talk to Miss Gillespie without the inspector, but there was nothing for it now but to go.

MISS GILLESPIE'S hair was of an indefinite mud color. Her I. Q. was a bit like the mercury on a cold day. But it was plain also that she was rich. Very rich.

"Oh, yes," she said when the august Gillespie butler announced them, just as if she had been expecting them.

"Oh yes what?" Spike demanded sharply without the courtesy of a preliminary how-do-you-do.

"I—I mean—" she stammered.

Then Herschman stepped in and introduced himself and Spike, and Spike could have wrung his neck. The inspector went through the preliminary explanation of his presence, the Ballinger murder case, and by tactful degrees worked up to the painful necessity of checking with her certain statements made by her fiancé, Mr. Linscott.

"You mean about Tuesday night," she said helpfully. "That's when Mrs. Ballinger was killed, wasn't it?"

"Yes. What were you doing Tuesday night?"

"Me? Oh, *I* didn't do it."

"We're not suggesting that you did. Do you know anything of the whereabouts of Mr. Linscott on Tuesday night?"

"Of course. And he didn't do it, either. I know you're probably thinking he killed her. Why, only this afternoon, even Mrs. Ballinger's—"

"Miss Gillespie," Spike barked with what Herschman considered unnecessary snap and brusqueness, "please keep to the point and don't evade questions. Do you know anything of the whereabouts of Mr. Linscott on Tuesday night?"

"Certainly. He was here. He got here at about eight o'clock, stayed here all evening—didn't go out once—and left quite a while *after* twelve." She finished with a triumphant flourish.

Spike was thinking that the crucial hours for which one must establish an alibi were from eight thirty to eleven thirty. But how did she know it? There was just a little too much emphasis on the *after* . . .

"How long have you been engaged to Mr. Linscott?" Herschman was asking.

"For almost three months. But we couldn't announce it until Jeffrey told—" She stopped in confusion.

"Told Mrs. Ballinger?" Spike suggested.

Her face flushed angrily. "If you're insinuating that—that—"

"I am. I'm insinuating that for years Mr. Linscott has been having an affair with Mrs. Ballinger."

"Well, what if he has? That's all over now."

"Over? Are you sure?"

"Well, the woman's dead, isn't she?"

"Oh, yes, of course. But a *grande passion* often survives even death."

"Well, it didn't. It was over before she even died. It was over as soon as he met me. He told me so. And, what's more, he told her so."

"Really? How upsetting! When?"

"The afternoon before she was killed. That's what he came to see me Tuesday night for—to tell me that he'd broken with her completely. That's what we were discussing Tuesday night. He didn't want a formal engagement and all that. He wanted to get married right away."

"Naturally," said Spike, and grinned.

"Of course," she went on belligerently, "you're still thinking that Jeffrey killed her; but that's silly, because, in the first place, he couldn't have. He's got a perfect alibi. And anyway why should he? After all, he's been in the clutches of that woman for years and years. She was the one that did it. She dragged him down. And then he met me. And I saved him. I changed his whole life. He said so himself. So why should he kill her just when he'd finally broken with her?"

AND come to think of it," Herschman said as they were riding back to Headquarters, "why should he?"

"Oh—not necessarily," Spike said. But there was no conviction in his tone. Nor was there any in his mind. He was thinking about the girl he hadn't mentioned to Herschman—the girl who had left Linscott's apartment that afternoon with Lillian Gillespie. He was thinking, as he frequently did, of Patricia Ballinger.

When they got back to Headquarters, Bernstein was there. He had a series of fine red scars on the side of his face.

"It was that little hellcat that's the old lady's niece. She scratched me. She bites, too."

"But how come?" Spike insisted.

"She tried to duck, and she took the old lady with her. I followed 'em to Grand Central. They were headed for Chicago. So I made a pinch and brought 'em down here. They're in the next room now."

WHEN Spike and the inspector entered the room that Bernstein indicated, the old lady was looking done in with the strange excitement of being arrested; but the girl just sat there, staring, holding a withered white hand in her own firm young one.

The girl rose quickly, crossed the room swiftly, spoke in a low voice: "I must speak to you alone." She addressed the inspector rather than Spike. There was no pertness in her gaze now. There was only entreaty. "On account of her." She nodded almost imperceptibly toward the old lady. "She's not well. She's almost ready to collapse."

Herschman looked over the bright blonde head before him to the trembling white one beyond. What the girl said was obvious enough, and the inspector was not an unkind man.

"Very well." He gave a brief order to a patrolman to remain in the room with the old lady. Spike and Herschman and the girl went into Herschman's office.

When the door closed behind them, she turned to the inspector. "Thanks," she said briefly.

"All right," said Herschman curtly. "What was it you wanted to see me about alone?"

"I want to do something I don't usually make a habit of—ask a favor."

"Yeah. Go on."

"It's on account of my aunt. She's old and she's very sick. Leukemia, the doctor calls it. And all this has been terrible for her. I've tried to keep as much as possible from her. She doesn't know anything yet about the death of Worts and Adrienne. Don't—please don't tell her."

Herschman considered this for a moment. "Well, naturally, I can't promise anything, but I'll try not to upset her any more than we have to."

The girl gave a sigh of relief.

"All right, now," Herschman began in a brisker tone. "Where were you going?"

"To Chicago."

"What were you planning to do in Chicago?"

"Nothing. Now," she burst out in sudden irritation, "let me ask you a few questions. By what right do you put detectives on my trail, and by what right do you arrest me and without any explanation bring me back where I came from? Is this a free country or isn't it?"

"Sure; but not for people whose mothers have just been murdered. Until this investigation is concluded, Miss Ballinger, I'll have to ask you to consider yourself under the jurisdic-

tion of the New York Police Department. Kindly do not leave the city until given official permission by me. That goes for you and every one else in this case. Do you understand?"

Her lower lip jutted out and her eyes smoldered. For a moment she didn't say anything. Then reluctantly she submitted. "All right. But do I have to have a detective on my trail all the time?"

"From now on you do."

"From now on . . ." For a moment she was puzzled. Then upon her face descended a mask. Spike wondered what was going on behind it. He wondered . . .

Something else caught his eye. The girl's handbag lying in her lap. The clasp had sprung open and he could see some of the contents revealed.

"Tell me, Miss Ballinger—"

Her eyes shifted from Herschman at the sound of Spike's voice.

"Tell me, Miss Ballinger," he said lightly, "how long did you plan on staying in Chicago?"

"Oh—a week or two."

"And where did you plan to go after that?"

"Oh, I don't know. Probably come back here."

"Then why—" He made a swift darting movement and snatched the handbag from her lap.

She cried out in protest. "Give that to me! You've no right—"

"Not the slightest in the world. The inspector wouldn't dare do this. Not according to rule, but I—"

HE pulled out two long streamers of paper and shook his head in reproval. "Such a wasteful little girl you are, Patricia. You're only going to Chicago, but you buy two tickets to—Seattle." He waved the paper streamers. Then he examined them more closely. "And no stopover in Chicago, either. Careless of you, Patricia — very, very careless. And extravagant."

His hands, searching the depths of the bag, brought out a roll of thousand-dollar bills. "One, two, three . . ." he counted, ". . . eighteen, nineteen, twenty. Patricia! I'm shocked. Twenty thousand dollars just for a little two-weeks trip to *Chicago.*"

Herschman rose, strode over to Spike, snatched the tickets from him. He scrutinized them carefully. He leafed through the roll of bills. Then he replaced both bills and tickets in the handbag and returned it to her.

"Miss Ballinger," he said, and there was iron in his voice now, "where were you going?"

She looked at him—just looked at him. Then she spoke: "As far away from here as I could get!"

Why did Patricia want to lose herself and her Aunt Ollie in the Far West? Will Herschman and Spike put the screws on her and compel a confession? What part has she played in the mysterious killings? Get next week's Liberty for a thrilling turn in this swiftly mounting drama.

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A delicious meat all ready to eat...

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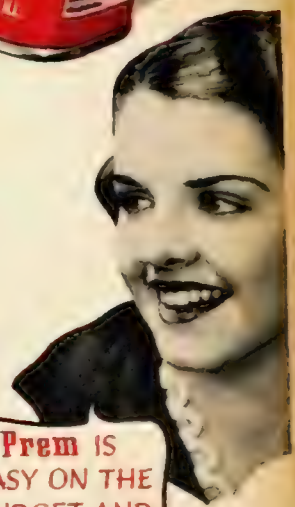

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FAMILIES CHEER PREM and busy housewives bless it. For delicious PREM is a time-saver, all ready to serve. And it answers that everlasting plea for SOMETHING DIFFERENT. You'll like PREM *cold*—with salads; in sandwiches. You'll like it *hot*—with eggs for breakfast, or baked for dinner. You can know before you taste it that PREM is mighty good, for it's made by the makers of America's

HOW MANY OF THESE 40 QUESTIONS CAN YOU ANSWER?

Radio Quiz

BY LOWELL THOMAS

Grade yourself as follows:

35 Correct ..... Excellent
30 Correct ..... Good
25 Correct ..... Fair
20 Correct ..... Passing
Under 20 ..... Failing

1—Who was the original granddaddy of radio?

2—What American made the greatest single contribution to the technical development of radio?

3—Who delivered the first news broadcast?

4—What public personage has had the longest experience in broadcasting?

5—What was the first station built on the Atlantic coast?

6—And by whom?

7—Which was the first network?

8—What public official was responsible for the organization of the Radio Corporation of America?

9—Who was the first big-name writer to do a daily news broadcast?

10—What is Gracie Allen's real name?

11—Name five married teams in radio

12—Who is the most famous Indian on the air?

13—From what hall does John F. Sullivan broadcast?

14—What radio star is a director in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and part owner of a big first-run theater on Broadway?

15—What do you expect when you hear the cry of a wolf?

16—If you have an ear for music and hear the notes "G" "E" "C" over the air, do you expect a plug for the General Electric Company?

17—What radio star blundered her way into fame?

18—Which piano soloist never looks at the keys of his piano?

19—If you went up to an actor in a studio and called him a ham, would he be insulted?

20—What does the name Edward Noyes Westcott suggest to American radio listeners?

21—Name three radio stars who are children of bygone American stars and use their fathers' names.

22—What would you do with a broad if you saw one in a studio?

23—Does a "blizzard head" mean bad storms?

24—"Mike and Ike—they look alike" in one of Rube Goldberg's strips. But how about in radio?

25—If you heard a cock crowing over your radio at noon, what would you think?

26—F. Chase Taylor is a citizen of Connecticut. How does the announcer introduce him on the air?

27—Who is the oldest announcer in point of service?

28—What orchestra conductor never uses a score?

29—What ace broadcaster never gets paid?

30—If you heard this sentence, what would it mean: "Boys, the scoutmaster thinks the soloist is a woofer, so he wants to substitute a woodpile"?

31—If a broadcaster has "mike halitosis," does he need to see his dentist?

32—Why should a certain stable of "also ran" race horses suggest cheese?

33—What is the connection between Rochester and Waukegan?

34—"Here comes Lady Macbeth." Does that mean you're going to hear a scene from Shakespeare's play?

35—What famous radio musician and band leader failed to make his college glee club?

36—Is a ghost in a television studio a writer?

37—What has happened to Sam and Henry, the singing team we used to hear fifteen years ago?

38—What famous explorer tuned in his radio near the North Pole and learned from a news broadcast that he was missing?

39—What famous radio comedian used to be a soprano choirboy?

40—Which formerly famous track star is now famous on the air as a singer?

(Answers will be found on page 54)

British soldiers receive instructions in making a barbed-wire barrier during military maneuvers in a London park.

England Before the Great Blow

BY VINCENT SHEEAN

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

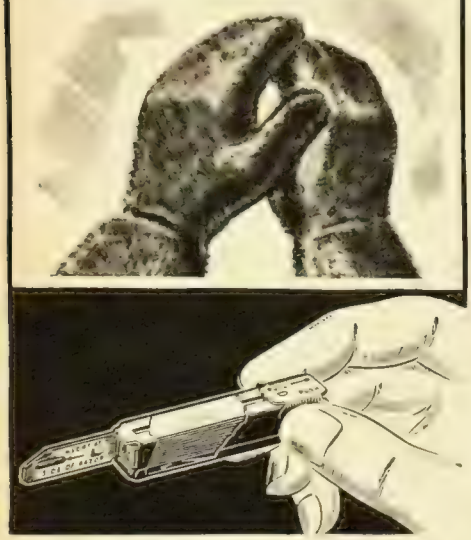
SPEAKING to the Assembly in the short-lived Roman Republic of 1849, Mazzini said, "We must act like men who have the enemy at their gates, and at the same time like men who are working for eternity." To the observer in their midst in this terrible summer of 1940, the English people seem to be fulfilling the first part of this exhortation but not the second. They are now at last aware of the enemy at their gates and are acting energetically against him but without plan or program for the new world which must inevitably come into being, whatever the result of this conflict.

The great moral weakness of the democracies has been their adherence to the *status quo* even when the *status quo* failed to satisfy any essential aspirations of their own people. This was particularly evident in France, where anything new in military and political spheres was regarded as suspect until disaster overwhelmed the republic. England, since May 10, has been electrified by a realization of the unprecedented danger, and has indeed admitted new men and new ideas to its highest councils, but even now refrains from that clear declaration of war aims which the masses, in England as elsewhere, would welcome.

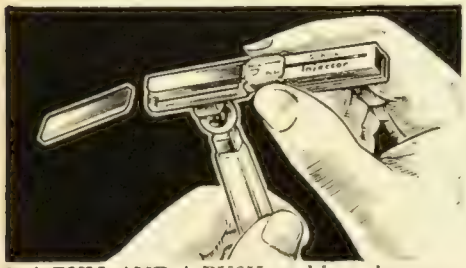
A nation fighting in this manner, without precise purpose beyond self-preservation, shows in its daily life its essential difference from the hysterically concentrated and emotionalized Fascist states. There are no flags, no parades, no military bands, no songs in this beleaguered and embattled country. English understatement has indeed reached an almost

An illuminating close-up of hopes and hazards and perils in the hearts and minds of a people at bay

You can change these Blades with MITTENS ON



1. THERE IS NO FUMBLING with wrappings on the Schick Blade...no unscrewing or reassembling razor. These are nuisances of the past for the more than 5,000,000 men who have switched to the Schick Injector Razor—whose blades come sealed in a bath of oil in a patented metal Injector cartridge—which changes blades automatically as shown below.



2. A PULL AND A PUSH, and into the razor head goes a keen-edged, *double-thick* Schick blade. All ready for a quick, *safe* shave—thanks to the perfected solid guide bar which stretches the skin taut and sets up every whisker for a really clean job.

3. OFFERING YOU the most modern improvements in safety razor design in more than 35 years, the Schick Injector Razor might cost a lot more. Yet, in the pigskin-grain "Popularity" Kit, it comes to you—complete with 20-year guarantee—for only $1! Try it!

Schick Injector Razor

MAGAZINE REPEATING RAZOR CO.
Bridgeport, Connecticut — Niagara Falls, Ont., Canada

incredible climax at this moment when the nation faces the gravest danger in its history.

During the last war there were flags, parades, and songs galore, and perhaps that patriotic orgy destroyed their appetite for such manifestations in these later years. Even so, a visitor must observe that the inhabitants of the Fascist states, particularly Germany, are fanaticized and to some extent made powerful by those very instruments which England no longer cares to use.

The spirit among the people is nevertheless amazing. There are millions of all ages who are quite ready to give everything for England if somebody would only tell them what to do. Every time an appeal is made to them, they respond. The other day Lord Beaverbrook, Minister of Aircraft Production, asked the public to give up their supplies of rolled aluminum—mostly kitchen utensils, shoe trees, and such familiar objects—for use in making airplanes. Depots for the collection of aluminum were swamped in twenty-four hours with every kind of domestic object made of that metal.

THIS sort of appeal is rare in Britain, whereas, as all observers know, it is the commonest device for the excitation of patriotism in Fascist countries. Mussolini and Hitler often demand sacrifices which are in fact unnecessary, in order to achieve psychological results of immense value to unified Fascist momentum. A conspicuous example was Mussolini's call for gold wedding rings at the outset of the Ethiopian campaign five years ago. Practically every woman in Italy surrendered her ring gladly on that occasion, and although the total result did not greatly alter the status of the world's supply of gold, it did give Italian women a sense of patriotic union and sacrifice for victory.

Mobilization in Great Britain was somewhat slow. The tempo of registration has been increased but a large part of the population is still outside the framework of national defense. At a period when all participate in war's dangers without distinction of age or sex, it is obvious that all or most citizens ask nothing better than to be given a job to do. Yet "total war" is a concept so alien to the spirit of legalistic and democratic gradualism that it makes progress slowly in England and many people still have no part in the national effort. The complaint most often heard is, "I want to do something but I cannot find a thing to do."

The main purpose of such life as I have been able to observe in these months appears to be to keep the routine and tone of existence as normal as possible. Certain abnormalities, such as the evacuation of women and children from crowded or exposed districts, have been quickly absorbed psychologically and are treated now as a part of ordinary existence. England is still the only nation in Europe where food appears to be plentiful, and the rationing system hardly affects the ordinary consumption of the population. The most ominous sign in the food situation is the possibility of a tea shortage which will be a genuine hardship for all classes. Aside from this and certain formalities about the normal supplies of bacon, sugar, and butter, there is no indication that England is an island dependent for a good deal of its food on supplies from abroad.

This contrasts sharply with all countries on the Continent, which have been on short rations for months. Italy since September 3 has been severely rationed even though technically neutral for most of this period. Whether this is necessary or not, it put the Italian people into a frame of mind in which the war seemed — however undesirable — always imminent. Germany has of course been severely rationed for more than three years.

GABRIEL HEATTER

ON THE AIR for **Liberty**

Every Thursday and Saturday

DRAMATIZING INTERNATIONAL NEWS SITUATIONS!

	P.M.		P.M.
Baltimore . . .	WBAL 8:00 E.S.T.	Los Angeles . .	KHJ 7:30 P.S.T
Boston	WAAB 9:00 E.D.T.	Minneapolis	KSTP 9:15 C.S.T.
Buffalo . . .	WGR 10:00 E.D.T.	New York . .	WOR 9:00 E.D.T.
Chicago . . .	WGN 8:00 C.D.T.	Philadelphia	WFIL 9:00 E.D.T.
Cleveland . .	WHK 8:00 E.S.T.	San Diego . .	KGB 7:30 P.S.T.
Detroit . . .	WXYZ 8:00 E.S.T.	San Francisco	KFRC 7:30 P.S.T.
		St. Louis . .	KWK 7:00 C.S.T.

Expensive restaurants in the West End of London have just as wide a range of good food as in peacetime. It has become necessary to close a few of these establishments, but not for lack of food. One or two were closed for lack of customers, and one or two because their owners, cooks, and waiters, being Italian, were interned on Italy's declaration of war. Both these reasons, for instance, caused the famous Savoy Grill to shut its doors, but there are plenty of others left.

Bombing raids apparently do not inspire terror at all. One reason is that they have so far not taken any great toll of civilian life. Another, no doubt, is confidence in the Royal Air Force, which is great and with good reason, and the military know how to deal with raids from the sea.

There can be no doubt whatever

about the courage of the British throughout their rather exaggerated social range. Peasants, workers, aristocrats, the middle class have all afforded very conspicuous examples of bravery since real trouble began in Norway in April.

The bravest of all are young fighter pilots who go out from home bases in England every day to fight off the German bombers. Their individual records will be better known when the war is over, but even now scarcely a day passes without the addition of some incident of extreme daring to their brief but crowded history.

A strange new development of this kind of warfare which makes it, in some respects, almost like the campaigns of the medieval knights, is the fact that these boys' air bases are near their own homes. They see their mothers, wives, sweethearts every evening, go to cocktail parties, play tennis. The next morning they are off again to the war in the skies. One girl—young wife of such a fighter—told me the hardest part of her job in the war was to try to keep the requisite high spirits when every morning produced the departure of her husband into the unknown.

The defects and deficiencies of England's war effort come from political and organizational complications; certainly not from any lack of first-class human material. The social system remains almost instinctively oligarchical and every day piles up evidence that this habit of mind is badly adjusted to the necessities of the moment. For example, just this past week an official in the Ministry of Information proposed to a well known American broadcaster that he interview a newly commissioned second lieutenant on the radio for the big American network stations. The point of this proposed interview was that the new lieutenant—a boy about twenty—was the son of a locomotive engineer and nevertheless had been commissioned as an officer in one of the famous English regiments.

THE American broadcaster inquired what was remarkable about this. The official replied that it would show the Americans the true democracy of the English system. He probably never had the faintest idea that such an interview, in all its unconscious condescension and medievalism, would evoke the opposite response among Americans to that which he intended.

I have been present at some historic sessions in the House of Commons since the war in the west began. They, too, illustrate a certain maladjustment of the government class mind in the present crisis. The most important, at least on paper, was the session on May 22, when the government proposed the law placing all persons and all property at the disposal of the State. It was during one of Churchill's absences in France and the proposal was made by Deputy Prime Minister Attlee. The phrasing of the law was categorical. It cer-

How's your "Pep Appeal"? —by Dorne

Opera Director: A tenor you are—maybe. But a *toreador*—pfui! Where is the "oomph," the *pep appeal?*

Carmen: Did somebody mention PEP? I've just discovered it, too! Isn't it the most *delicious* cereal you ever tasted? And, besides, it's extra rich in two of the *most important vitamins*. Come on, toreador, let's have a snack.

Carmen: You know, we have to get all our vitamins for pep. And this perfectly grand cereal called KELLOGG'S PEP is extra rich in the two that are most lacking in every-day diets—vitamins B_1 and D.

Toreador: Whoa, there! You can save the details. PEP *tastes* like a million dollars

Toreador: Ah, Carmen! Now that I've discovered vitamins and KELLOGG'S PEP, just watch me become the greatest bull-fighter that ever trod the boards.

Carmen: Take your time, toreador. It doesn't all happen at once!

Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of vitamin B_1, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

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tainly sounded like a revolutionary change in which the whole nation would be geared to terrific effort under an emergency dictatorship.

The weeks which have passed since then have minimized that impression, and although in certain ministries—such as Supply, Aircraft Production, and Labor—sharp changes have undoubtedly taken place, there appears very little change in either tempo or method in most others. The reasons are, no doubt, numerous and complicated, but the first one which occurs to most people who have any dealings with the ministries is that the whole administrative machinery is still in the hands of trained civil servants who, by and large, come from the same class, the same old universities, and are waterlogged by tradition and formalism.

The House of Commons continues to meet, debate, ask questions under time-honored parliamentary procedure even though the government's emergency powers are practically unlimited, and these meetings sometimes seem like a great waste of time. The Ministers whose departmental work is too much for any twenty-four-hour day, such as Anthony Eden, War Secretary, and Alfred Duff Cooper, Minister of Information, are required to attend the House to answer questions often concerned with unimportant details.

This retention of all forms of parliamentary government is perhaps a good thing—certainly if the House of Commons had not been in session May 10 there would have been no possibility of getting rid of Chamberlain—but on days of great crisis it is sometimes possible to hear the whole crowded hall and crowded galleries sigh with impatience.

Churchill, whose power is without rival or precedent, retains full nineteenth-century reverence for Parliament. His most important speeches in times of greatest crisis have been made to the House of Commons, not to the nation. One exception was June 25, after the French surrender, when Churchill was persuaded to read his speech into a microphone some hours after he had delivered it in the House.

Criticisms, implicit or explicit, in this account are by no means only mine. I have heard them voiced by all sorts of Englishmen and read something like them almost daily in newspapers. The nation is ready and anxious for battle but often feels uneasy or impatient at the forms it has inherited and at the persons who control the administration. The outcry against Chamberlain, Halifax, and the others responsible for the war policy up to May 10 has somewhat died down, but it is latent, and ready to spring up again at any time. For the present, Churchill protects his former chief and other colleagues, but the essential incongruity of the present Cabinet personnel is no less glaring and its permanence under crisis seems scarcely possible.

A week-end or so ago I was a guest in an old country house in Norfolk where thirty children from one of the most crowded London slums have been sheltered and cared for since September. The oldest part of the house is fourteenth-century; the main part dates from Elizabeth. Something curiously suggestive of the times we live in occurred Sunday afternoon while the children were playing on the lawns beneath those unregarded Elizabethan gables. I saw three small girls huddled together on an overturned seat, arm in arm, with a songbook on their laps, singing away lustily. I went over to them, whereupon the song ceased. I asked them to sing another and the trio consulted busily. Their combined choice fell upon Hearts of Oak, which they attacked with baby soprano ardor. "'Hearts of oak are our ships,'" they sang, "'Gallant tars are our men.'"

When they had finished I asked for another and was favored with a fine rendition of Swanee River.

For no special reason these singing slum children in an old feudal park gave me a sharper sense of this immense crisis and these incalculable changes, perils, and uncertainties than all the eloquence of Westminster. The change which is unseen or only partly perceived is nonetheless change and, with or without a program for a future, England is passing swiftly into forms of life hitherto unknown.

THE END

HE WASN'T THERE WITH *"VACATION HAIR"*

In his bathing suit, Harry ruled the roost with all the girls on the beach. But little did he reck with what the sun, sand and salt water were doing to his hair.

But away from the beach he looked terrible, thanks to "Vacation Hair." Water had washed away hair oils. Hair dried out, wild as the wind, impossible to comb.

That greasy stuff he used to correct his "Vacation Hair" didn't help. Observe how plastered-down and gooey it looked. What girl could yearn to caress such hair?

Then he tried Kreml. What a difference! Gone the dryness and stickiness. Kreml replaces lost oils without being greasy, refreshes hair, makes it easy to comb.

"VACATION HAIR" is almost impossible to avoid in summer. After swimming, golfing, tennis—after any exposure to sun, water, wind, dirt, recondition hair quickly, easily with Kreml. You'll be pleased with the results. For Kreml is not only a wonderful dressing, but a beneficial tonic, too—removes ugly dandruff scales and checks excessive falling hair.

Women too. Condition your hair and scalp with Kreml after outdoor exposure—and before your summer permanent.

SUMMER SHAMPOOS: Kreml Shampoo made from an 80% olive oil base is a splendid ally of Kreml Hair Tonic. It cleanses thoroughly, washes out easily and leaves hair easy to manage.

KREML

REMOVES DANDRUFF SCALES

CHECKS EXCESSIVE FALLING HAIR

NOT GREASY—MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE

miracle kid

"I throw it—they miss it," modestly explains the game's newest sensation.

BY JIMMY POWERS

READING TIME • 8 MINUTES 9 SECONDS

What makes this Feller click? An expert ponders a 1940 baseball mystery

BALLPLAYERS burst into a dressing room shrouded with fog and aromatic with the fumes of wintergreen-flavored liniment. They gave off short barks, cowboy yippees, and wolf howls. Then, quietly, almost bashfully, a tousled, dimpled-cheeked young man of twenty-one entered the room. His gray-haired manager was first to greet him, thumping his bulging shoulders.

It was opening day and the young pitcher had just pitched a no-run, no-hit game. The manager sat back and murmured wonderingly, "Kid, I wish you'd tell me just how you do it."

The youngster reached into his locker and picked up a regulation league baseball. "See this?" he grinned. "I throw it . . . they miss it . . . and that's all I can tell you."

Because there has never been a ballplayer in history quite like young Robert William Feller of the Cleveland Indians, there is no explaining him. He fits no blueprint that charts the life of the average diamond star. At this stage of Bob Feller's career he has outshone Christy Mathewson and all other Hall of Fame pitchers at a corresponding age.

He has no freak delivery, no butterfly ball, no fadeaway, no maimed fingers to cause baseballs to take weird dips or hops. He is not unusually tall. His arms are not unusually long. His hands and wrists are strong but they are standard f. o. b. equipment for dozens of pitchers.

Some experts insist Walter Johnson, Dazzy Vance, and Van Lingle Mungo were faster. Others say the quality of batters has declined and most money-hungry hitters now take full swings, gambling strike-outs against home runs, and thus prove themselves set-ups for any strong-armed pitcher with an explosive fast ball.

All the average fan knows is that once in a generation some one comes along who can hurl a baseball so fast other men cannot hit it.

Here are a few of Feller's achievements:

1936—When only seventeen, he struck out seventeen Athletic hitters to tie the major-league single-game strike-out record.

1937—Although hampered by a bruised arm, he twice struck out twelve "Murderers' Row" Yankee hitters and was the youngest regular in the league.

1938—He struck out eighteen Detroit batters one afternoon, to establish a new league record, surpassing Dizzy Dean's and Rube Waddell's.

1939—He won twenty-four games, more than any pitcher in his league. He struck out 246, the largest number fanned since 1912. He pitched two one-hitters. And he became the hero of the All-Star game by relieving Tommy Bridges, who had loaded the bases. Feller forced Arky Vaughan to hit into a double play, and then, with 62,000 fans looking on, Feller proceeded to "take charge" of the best National League sluggers, coasting in to a dramatic victory.

1940—He opened this season by pitching a no-run, no-hit game against the White Sox. From this year on, anything can happen—probably will!

HIS manager, Oscar Vitt, predicts, "Some day soon that kid is going out there with perfect control and strike out twenty batters!"

Connie Mack says, "Feller is on the threshold of one of the greatest pitching careers in baseball—probably the greatest."

Walter Johnson told us recently, "They'll never touch him as long as he lets the ball go from in close. He's right behind it after he lets go. The ball comes up to the plate against the background of his shirt. The darn thing is on top of the hitter before he can see it."

The night Bob Feller pitched his way into the Hall of Fame with his no-hitter we were talking to Dr. Robert Emmet Walsh, the Yankee team physician. Dr. Walsh studied the Cleveland-Chicago box score and whistled in admiration: "That Feller, now," he said, "he's a wonder. He has deltoid muscles that are nothing short of sensational!"

Ah, we thought, here's a scientific answer to the what-makes-Feller-click mystery.

"Now, I'm not going to explain Feller," the Yankee physician hastened to say. "Deltoids are just back muscles. Thousands of farm boys in Feller's home state of Iowa have a back development the equal of Feller's. You get good strong muscles working on a farm. Feller has something more. He has a father who was

frustrated in his desire to be a big-league star but who vowed that in his son his dream would come true. Every minute of Bobby's childhood was occupied in training designed to make him a great pitcher."

"But," we interrupted, "couldn't other farmers do the same? The Waner brothers used to go behind the barn in Oklahoma and pitch corncobs to each other and alternate swinging bats. Many a ball-playing farmer has spent countless hours working to further his young son's baseball ambitions."

"True," said Dr. Walsh. "The fact that he grew up on a farm, developed his muscles on a farm, and acquired great stamina through a farm diet of fresh fruits and vegetables is no answer because other boys have had the same advantages. My guess is that Feller has an unusually lucky combination of all these advantages. His father knew enough, for example, to insist on Bobby's pitching with a regulation league ball. None of that corncob stuff or taped-over five-and-dime-store *balls*. They have ruined many a farm lad's arm. Bob himself not only consciously acquired remarkable biceps and triceps but God gave him a quick set of reflexes, an athlete's brain. All these things combined, wonderful condition, intelligent supervision, plus a vague quality we can call 'pitching instinct,' produced your Miracle Kid."

Still in search of an explanation, we buttonholed Bill Terry, manager of the Giants. For the past several springs, the Giants and Indians have barnstormed together through Dixie with many a fine duel staged on the mound between the veteran Hubbell and the sensational freshman Feller.

Said Terry: "In my opinion, Feller will go down in history as one of the greatest of them all. There is no 'mystery' to him. Nature has equipped him with certain wonderful throwing muscles and he has developed these to the point where he can hurl a ball with amazing velocity for nine full innings—maybe more. Feller makes that ball fly up there so fast it looks as small as a golf ball. Speed is what makes his curve break so sharply, too. And now he has mastered a change of pace."

Well, after getting the medical viewpoint and the practical side, we cornered the Miracle Kid himself.

"I don't think I've tapped any new speed," he said. "I'm probably not as fast as when I first came to Cleveland. The seams on the ball are higher and this builds up pressure. It slows up a fast ball, but it gives more break to the curve. In the end I gain, I guess. I used to strike out the tough hitters with the fast one. Now I fan 'em on curves."

Feller is proudest of his ability to pick men off bases. He gets out to the park early, he confesses, and tries to develop a deceptive "motion" so he can throw swiftly and accurately to first or second base and catch runners who take the liberty of a big lead.

"On days when I'm not due to pitch I shag flies in the outfield. I run as fast and as hard as I can to toughen my leg muscles and build up my wind. When I work up a good sweat I go into the clubhouse right away, take a shower, and switch into dry clothes. None of this loafing on a bench in a soggy monkey suit for me!"

How did he like meeting people?

"You meet a lot of 'em. I've lost my bashfulness."

How about girls?

"I gotta concentrate on my baseball now. Women'll come later. I can always find a girl, I guess. But I can't always find a baseball career."

Feller is putting most of his money in annuities. He graduated from high school and has enough book learning for a while.

"I thought of going to college, but I don't think so. A fellow goes to college so he can learn how to make a living. I'm making a living now."

Oscar Vitt came up and said, "Kid, tell 'em the advice you gave at that Boy Scout dinner. It's the best I ever heard."

"Ah, it was nothing." Feller appeared to be embarrassed. "I don't want anybody to think I'm preaching. I just said to watch your diet. Lay off too many sweets and refined foods. Spend your money on fresh fruits instead of cigarettes. I think it's the best policy not to smoke. My theory is, use your head. Try to take everything you do in your work seriously. That's all I said."

Vitt grinned. "That's enough."

THE parade of clubhouse visitors died down and Feller continued:

"I've learned a lot about pitching, but I've a lot more ahead of me to learn. I guess if I'm a better pitcher today than when I started, it's because of my memory. I remember everything I do wrong.

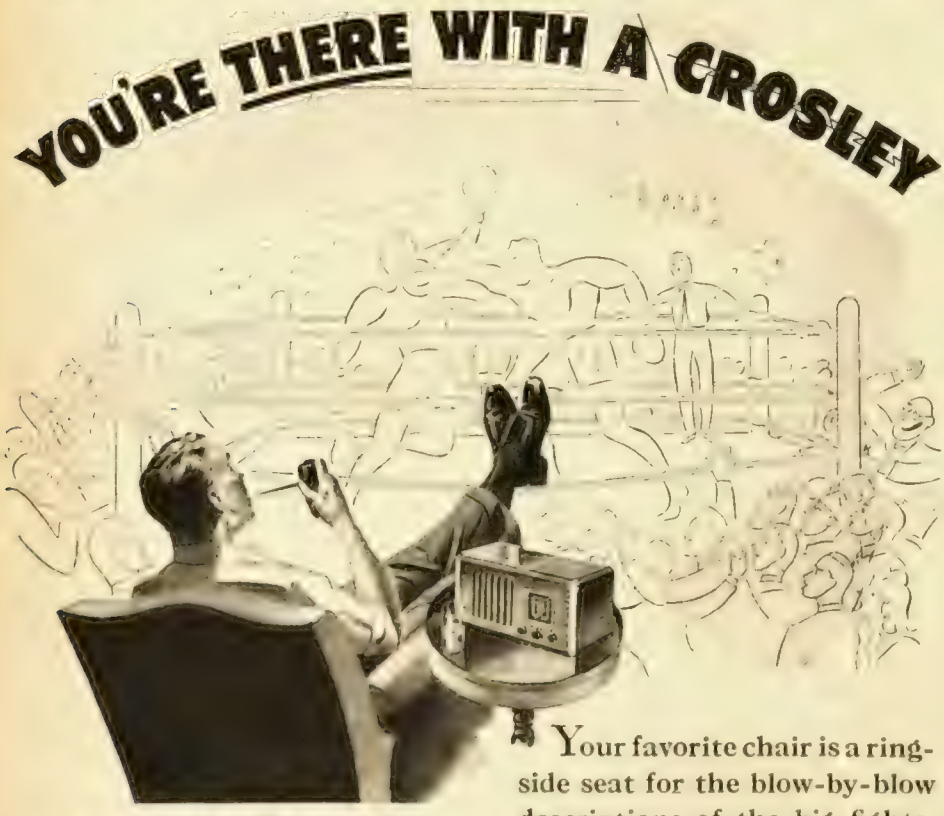
"Don't think I stand out there with the idea of trying to strike out every batter," he cautioned. "I go after the strike-outs only in the late innings now. I've learned how to pace myself and I learned the hard way. I got my lumps along the route, plenty of 'em. When I first started, certain batters used to stand at the plate and nick foul after foul off my delivery. They tried to weaken me. And they did. But now I distribute my speed a little more evenly."

I asked the Miracle Kid if he thought he could win thirty games this year. He laughed. "That depends on a lot of things. I'm only one pitcher on this club. The others have to get their regular turn. I guess I might be lucky enough to start forty games this year. If I could—"

"Win thirty?" we interrupted. "If you could win that many, the Indians might cop the pennant, and a certain twenty-one-year-old ex-farm boy might be a World Series hero."

Feller picked up his glove and galloped out the door to do battle with the Yankees. "Come around," was his farewell shot, "in October!"

THE END



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2. Alex Raymond, creator of Flash Gordon.
3. Billy De Beck, famous for Barney Google.

THE Comics AND LITTLE WILLIE

READING TIME ● 15 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

A father speaks his mind to some anxious parents

BY MORRIS MARKEY

THE man sat at the other side of my desk, an expression of profound concern upon his face.

"This is a serious situation," he said. "If you have any sense of responsibility toward the civilization of this country, you must do everything in your power to correct it."

I was interested, of course. "What is it?" I asked.

"It is your duty," he said, "to write an article about those things they call the comics—the comic strips in the papers and in those books that are selling by the millions.

"I tell you, those things are having a vicious effect upon the children of this country. They are depraved and lurid and violently exciting. They are teaching bad manners and worse morals, and something has got to be done about them."

Thus it came about that I undertook to inquire into the matter and report to you upon my findings.

The first thing I learned is that there does exist, indeed, a rather strong movement to condemn the comics, and by condemnation to clean them up and tame them down. Various organizations of parents and teachers are, as the saying goes, up in arms. A few newspaper editors have themselves expressed horror at the stuff which the syndicates send out to them (and which their readers are perverse enough to enjoy hugely).

Newsdom, a trade journal, ventures the opinion that comics "are leading to more public resentment than perhaps even editors surmise," and suggests that unless something is done to curb the evil, the dark hand of censorship will reach out to touch the public press.

In the presence of so much

smoke, I undertook to search for the fire—which means that I went in for a concentrated course of comic-strip reading. It was a new experience for me. Among many peculiarities of my mature years, there has persisted a conspicuous apathy toward those departments of the daily press. My knowledge of comics embraced, roughly, the period between late Buster Brown and early Gumps. And so I went to the task with a fresh and unprejudiced mind.

You may think I am a freak, but Popeye was new to me. Likewise Blondie and Little Annie Rooney and a host of others. But the great shock was to come for the first time upon the adventure stories, from Flash Gordon and Mandrake the Magician to Superman and Captain Future. You may imagine my astonishment, for example, when I first encountered the Phantom.

I saw:

Picture No. 1. A handsome girl with a pistol, pointing at a groveling wretch in the mouth of a cave and saying, "No tricks, Sailor. I may be a lady but I know how to make this gun go off."

Picture No. 2. Two men in a small boat beside a ship, working over a couple of steel drums. And an explanatory caption: "Fuel from Bleak Island is brought to the Sea Horse."

Picture No. 3. A man at the rail of a vessel calling through a megaphone, "Hurry it up, boys. We want to leave before the tide runs out!"

Picture No. 4. Man climbing a rope ladder in rain and darkness. Explanatory caption: "Disguised, the Phantom climbs aboard the Sea Horse. Twice before he has visited the mysterious yacht and escaped easily. What will his third venture bring?"

That was pretty bewildering stuff. I made, as you may guess, neither head nor tail of it. And I decided to pause in my reading for a time and consult the manager of one of the big syndicates—to get the necessary background, as it were, for an intelligent understanding of the subject.

THE comic strip, as a medium of entertainment and enlightenment for the millions, was born in America about fifty years ago. The early ones dealt largely with the pranks of children: the Katzenjammer Kids, Little Jimmy, Buster Brown, and Foxy Grandpa. Then followed Mutt and Jeff and an affair called And Her Name Was Maud.

These last two were the archetypes of the period, carrying into the adult scene the same elements that were fundamental to the kid strips: a simple episode in the broadest comic spirit, ending in disaster to some poor human. The idea was to rouse laughter from the distress of this luckless mortal. And the idea was born, of course, out of the universal trait of laughing when a man slips on a banana peel.

In those early comics the story was entirely secondary to the pictures. The gags were addressed to an illiterate or semiliterate audience, including children, and were devised so that the point would be apparent even to people who could not read a word. There was no attempt whatever at continuity, at carrying on a sustained narrative. The appeal lay in the *characters* rather than in the things that happened to them.

The idea went a step further, if only a short step, with the debut of Bringing Up Father.

Still there was no running tale. There was no suggestion of the line "To be continued in our next." But the *situation* was continuous. Jiggs, all the shanty Irishmen of the world rolled into one, had come amazingly into wealth. Maggie, all the pushing wives of the world rolled into one, wanted to live up to it, and flung herself into Society with bitter determination. The eternal situation lay in the efforts of Jiggs to get back among his own kind, to eat proper corned beef and cabbage at Dinty Moore's and wrangle with the boys.

AS nearly as I can chart the course of this strange art, the next vitally important step was the Gumps. From the very outset the Gumps was a novel in picture form—an endless tale about a pretty remarkable group of people. Their problems were not those of everyday folksy life, but something peculiar and strangely intriguing. The Gumps lived in a sort of dream world. And the important thing about their affairs was the *continuity* of the narrative. Every strip carried the word or the implication, "Just wait and see what happens tomorrow!"

The success of the device was stunning. You remember, perhaps, that when Andy ran for President, more than a few hundred presumably responsible citizens actually wrote his name in on the ballot.

The great flood of continuity strips began. The comic became a continued fiction rather than a quick daily laugh. But it is important to remember that the laugh stayed in. Even when the daily episode was thin and fragmentary stuff there was a laugh in it.

Then, after the war, the great American public grew more sophisticated. A brick landing on a cranium or a lighted firecracker underneath an unsuspecting ancient was not quite as good for a guffaw as it once had been. Everybody went to the movies, and radio dramas began to attract their public. So comic strips had to step up their tempo or be ignored in the quickening pace of existence.

Buck Rogers and Flash Gordon were the prototypes of the melodrama strip. They were presented as heroes of the supernatural—stronger and braver, wiser and more godlike than ordinary mortals. And in the mighty saga of their lives there was no room for laughter. With their arrival, the strips settled down to serious, grim business.

They have been followed by countless imitators. Dick Tracy and his comrades in the business of crime detection have run a parallel course with them. The Lone Ranger and other heroes of the old West have done their bit to arouse the worship that is the due of mighty men.

There are six major types of comic:

1. The old stand-bys like Jiggs and Maggie, the Gumps, Gasoline Alley. They are essentially scenes of domestic life.

2. The child-life stories: Little Orphan Annie, Little Annie Rooney, Skippy, Henry, and the rest.

3. The folksy strips. Blondie, and Toots and Caspar, and Polly and Her Pals.

4. The melodramas.

5. The "naturals," so to speak: Popeye, Barney Google, Krazy Kat.

6. A few very shrewd features aimed at sophisticated people. The best example is Soglow's Little King.

I went back to reading them. I joined in very earnestly with the 75 per cent of all newspaper readers who follow the comics regularly. And I bought myself an armful of the comic magazines, printed in color for a dime a copy, which are offered our citizens from the newsstands every week.

These last are worthy of rather special consideration, and I shall give it to them later on. But now for the strips in the daily papers:

The objections which the crusaders are making against them are manifold and specific. They are most clearly stated, perhaps, by Dr. William Moulton Marston, a consulting psychologist.

YOUR children and mine," he writes, "are being educated morally, mentally, and alas! linguistically, by comic-strip artists, writers, and their bosses, the syndicate managers and editors." He gives examples of brutal and meaningless cruelty, food for nightmares in immature minds. He says that some strips suggest bad ideas, while others cheapen and belittle women. According to his information, the Tarzan story has caused injuries to countless boys who attempted to imitate the acrobatics of the hero. And as for the crime and detective strips, "the harm done passes calculation."

Dr. Marston sadly deplores the language used by comic-strip characters. He says it is an unprovoked assault upon the English language. And the occurrence of such words as wanna, gotta, aintcher, dontcher, watta, sorta, orter, betcha, lookit, bloke, bozo, and the rest, offer "special appeal to children's sensation-seeking language explorations."

Well, doctor, if that's the way you look at it . . .

But it all sounds pretty familiar to me. I heard all of that about twenty-five years ago. Only they weren't talking about comic strips in those days. They were talking about the nickel and dime weeklies which somehow seemed to take up most of my weekly allowance.

Yes, I used to read Ol' Cap Collier,

and the wonderful adventures of Frank and Dick Merriwell, the Ole Sleuth and Nick Carter, and a fascinating number called Young Buffalo, King of the Wild West.

The grown-ups, trying to guide me and my pals in the paths of righteousness and uplift, felt about those books precisely as the learned doctor and his colleagues in the new improvement feel about the comics.

There was plenty of violent activity in those old weeklies, of course. And plenty of the vernacular—rich, warm slang which let you know that real people were talking, and not a bunch of high-school English teachers dressed up like detectives and crooks and cowboys.

There was a big crowd of boys in my gang, and every one of them was a devotee of the cheap fiction of the day. To my knowledge, not one of them ever landed in the jailhouse. None of us ever shot a man in emulation of Young Buffalo, and the English we speak is certainly intelligible, if it is not distinguished.

Of course the comics are the cheap fiction of these days. They replace, exactly, the old dime weeklies. And they are neither worse nor better than cheap fiction has always been. They are remarkably free from love stuff. There are no prolonged embraces in the comics, and no hot kisses—which is more than can be said for the movies and the radio. Sex, indeed, is absent—except perhaps in the depiction of the luscious maidens who move as quite secondary characters through some of the melodramas.

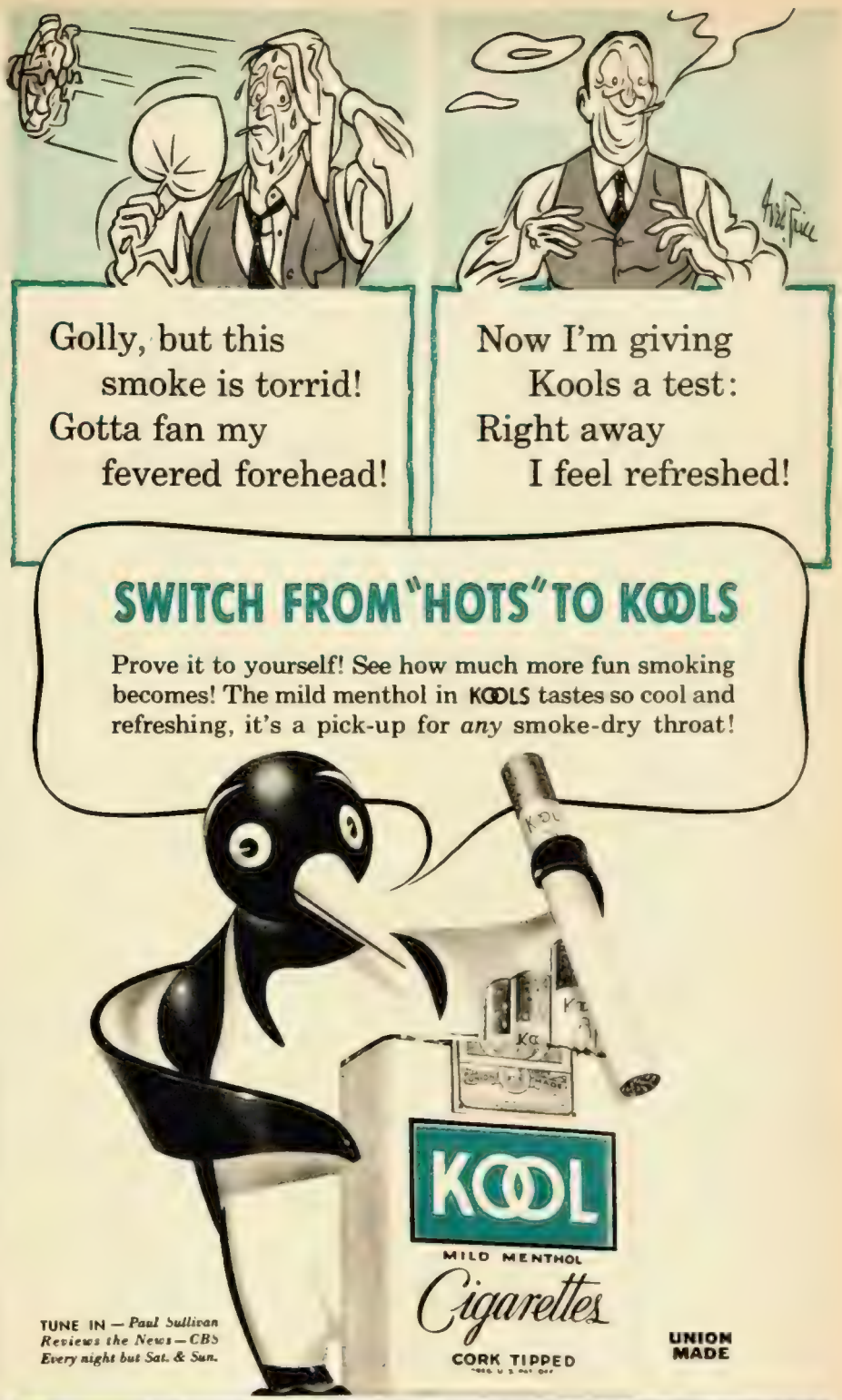
Right triumphs in the strips, just as it inevitably must in fiction addressed to the masses. Virtue tramples upon vice and avarice. All of the mighty heroes, from the Lone Ranger to the Comet Man, are, as the expression has it, "doing good in the world."

LET'S look at a point of view infinitely more learned than my own. Mr. Roger C. Gay undertook a survey in which for a period of six months he carefully read sixty-five different sets of comic strips every day. He published his conclusions in the Harvard Educational Review, under the heading, A Teacher Reads the Comics.

He decided that out of the sixty-five strips, twenty-six deserved high approval for their genuine merit. On twenty-three he was neutral. Thirteen, he thought, could stand some improvement in tone and treatment. And three were definitely low-class, improper for general reading.

There is no need for me to tell you that three failures out of sixty-five examples is a remarkably low percentage.

The crusaders against the comic strip make a point that the funnies aren't funny any more—that laughter has drifted out of them. But that is true only in a limited sense. The strips that started out to be funny still are. The new strips are melodramatic rather than funny because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Now I'm giving Kools a test: Right away I feel refreshed!
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Prove it to yourself! See how much more fun smoking becomes! The mild menthol in KOOLS tastes so cool and refreshing, it's a pick-up for any smoke-dry throat!
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Now for the comic books—the dime weeklies of our modern age.

There is no use talking about the craze for them which has swept over the country. The sale of 3,000,000 copies a month tells its own fabulous tale, and mothers are worrying, or pretending to worry, in every county of the land.

Well, in all justice to these books, it must be plainly said that each one of them is certainly worth ten cents. They run to about sixty pages in color. Usually they carry eight or ten separate strips, or stories—often more. They are, in the better books, fairly well balanced between laughs and thrills. And they carry sports information and cartoons, prize contests, articles on stamps and science and pseudo-science.

THE best that can be said for them is that the quality of drawing, the draftsmanship of the artists, is pretty good. Painters with serious reputations follow and admire the work of several comic-strip men, their favorite at the moment, I believe, being Alex Raymond. Mr. Raymond puts a good deal of care and talent and labor into his Flash Gordon strip. And the results show it.

The worst that can be said for them is that the quality of imagination, of inventiveness, is of an almost feeble-minded monotony. Somebody discovered science (the same old science that once made the Sunday supplements a nightmare of death rays and rockets to the moon), and the pattern runs maddeningly the same:

Hero: A handsome fellow possessed of supernatural powers, a death ray, a radium heart, or occult knowledge.

Heroine: A damsel who never has much to say except in admiration of her Hero, but who has a genius for getting into lethal situations.

Villain: There are usually two phases of villainy. The Hero sets out in pursuit of a gang of crooks, and suddenly finds both himself and his quarry in the hands of the Strange People. The Strange People run the gamut from Leopard Men to Big Heads, from Toad Men to the horrible citizens of Jupiter or Saturn.

Setting: Underground cities, the insides of volcanoes, far-off planets, Africa.

The Stake for Adventure: Gold or silver or jewels. But these rewards are always secondary in comparison with the noble service being done for humanity.

They are all like that, unless they are Westerns or detectives and G-men.

The authors of these works of art are men of great substance. Earnings of $100,000 a year are not rare. But the work is hard, and it is subject to the most intense scrutiny from syndicate managers and editors. The reasons for the scrutiny are twofold: 1. The appeal must be to the simplest level of all possible intelligence. 2. Nobody must be offended.

In the case of King Features, to give an example, three shrewd individuals must pass on every single strip before it is released to the trade. One passes on the language used; another on the canons of good taste; and a third on drawing.

The language expert has very definitely established standards. There is no ban on slang, because human beings use slang despite the purists who blanch at "bozo" or "stupe" or "wet smack." But vulgar distortions of English are not acceptable.

Dialects are held to the minimum, because people who talk in dialect do not like to see their imperfections laid down in print. And of course there must be no profanity.

As for the matter of good taste—well, Jiggs has never struck Maggie in twenty-eight years of bickering. Men never strike women, and strike children only in situations which produce comedy: a spanking in joke, or a turning of the tables upon a mischievous lad.

People never pray nor invoke the deity.

I come to the end of my report upon the comics. And perhaps this is the measure of my opinion concerning them:

When I came home with that armful of weeklies to study and digest, my offspring looked at me with popping eyes. "Gee, dad! When you're done with them I inherit them, don't I?" And I said, "Don't touch those things until I give you permission. I don't know whether I want you reading that trash or not."

Yesterday I said, "All right, youngster. You can help yourself. If that kind of thing can hurt you, you're not very hard to hurt."

I had got the notion that grown-ups cut a rather silly figure as they go around with long faces trying to save children from such things. I had got the notion that it is no service to the youth of our land to keep them insulated from the ephemeral movements of our culture, no matter what it may be.

OF course these comics are, by and large, unadulterated junk. Particularly the melodramas. But all right—my Young Buffalo, King of the Wild West was junk too, and I cannot believe that it ever harmed me much. The circus is junk, compared to Hamlet and the opera. There is nothing more idle, by any standards of intelligence, than sitting in an arena and watching two prizefighters trying to smash each other to bits.

We might at least grant to the children the right to be as vapid and trifling-minded as we are ourselves. If there is to be improvement, let it be by example rather than by orders.

There is not a normal child living, in my opinion, whose mind or body, morals or emotions can be hurt by the comics. And we simply cannot build our culture, even in its lowest levels, upon what effects may be wrought upon a subnormal child.

THE END

When she leaned back her face was white. "We're going to get there," she said. "I know that."

Ordeal by Night

BY ROBB WHITE

READING TIME • 14 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

SHE comes in with a new dress and a wonderful hair-do and you love her in a short, quick way. Or you're getting well and she still nurses you gaily and you like that. Or you've been away a long time and no one else seemed very sweet. For all these things a man loves his wife, but that sort of love never grabs him and shoves him forward until he can see clearly where the center of his world is. It got me twice—just so I wouldn't forget it.

My wife and I live on an eight-acre island in the Caribbean. The nearest port is thirty sea miles away, so that civilization in terms of stores, movies, cars, doctors is blissfully remote. Living there for a couple of years without accident had lulled our fear of danger; we began to consider ourselves self-sufficient, depending only on the fertile soil and the sea. With

A vivid tale of stars and storm and shining courage

only a little fifteen-foot racing sailboat, totally unfit for heavy going in open water, we tempted Fate and got caught out.

At eight o'clock one night Rodie, my wife, said she didn't feel well.

"What do you think it is?"

She looked up at me. "Appendicitis."

"All right. We'll go to St. Thomas." Those thirty miles.

With our native servant, Dick, helping, I got the boat ready—an air mattress on the floorboards, water in a breaker, the sails rigged, a tarpaulin ready, and by the time we finished, Rodie, in great pain now, came slowly down the hill. We eased her into the small boat and she lay on her back, head aft, between my feet.

"Lot of stars," she said.

I checked the gear again, wrapped some ice in a towel, then got sail on. "Cast off, Dick."

Dick pushed the boat away from the jetty with his feet. We skidded out toward the darkness which was like a retreating wall.

"This is swell," she said. I could see her face, eyes closed, her mouth drawn a little, her hair hanging loose about her shoulders.

"Wind's just right," I said.

"It'll head us when we get into the Atlantic."

"Perhaps not."

TO starboard Great Camanoe Island blotted out the slivery moon. The sea boomed against a jagged wall of rocks which we knew were rust red in the sunshine. To port I could soon make out the ugly gray patch of Drowned Shoal and kept the boat just off it, watching for the first shape of coral to appear below what seemed opaque water. With the wind dead aft, we were going fast, but the motion was bad—a slow heaving—and the air felt heavy and still. Soon I could see shadowy things under the surface, and trimmed sheets a little, turning north. I thought she was asleep, but when I made the jib sheet fast she opened her eyes.

"Are you using the little jib?" she asked.

"The big one."

"Will it stand it?"

"I'll take it off if it gets too bad."

Camanoe had us blanketed then and we wallowed badly, the sails slatting in the deep troughs and catching hard, making the boat lunge when the waves rolled us up. I could see seven islands around us and I knew that there was not a human being on any of them. Looking aft, I saw ours, Marina Cay, slide away, Dick's lantern a yellow moving spot, then everything was dark. It was half past ten—we had twenty-seven more miles.

When we got the wind fair again, the little boat began to go. I wedged the life preservers to keep Rodie from sliding to leeward as the boat heeled under the pressure of a steadily increasing wind. Spray was coming aboard in a silvery spasmodic sheet and I got the working jib over [illegible]

"How's it going?" she asked.

"Making knots, son. How about you?"

"Not too bad." She was looking up at me, her eyes seeming very big and dark.

I took a turn with the mainsheet and put my hand on her forehead, which was hot, dry.

"Tired?" she asked.

"No. Just sitting here."

"What time is it?"

"Quarter past eleven. We'll do better when the tide changes."

"Yes." Then she said, "Help me up a little."

I got my arm under her shoulders and lifted her up. "Sick?"

She only nodded and leaned over. I waited, holding her.

AFTER awhile she said, "Never belay a sheet and never spit to windward. Is there any water?"

I luffed and got some for her. When she leaned back her face was startlingly white, even her lips, and occasionally the thing grabbed her and shoved her around.

"We're going to get there," she said quietly. "I know that."

I nodded and watched a cloud slide over the moon and keep on coming. "Going to rain," I said. I got the tarpaulin and she lay down and I put it over her, all except her face. Then I took off my clothes and stowed them under the foredeck so they wouldn't be wet and cold when the squall passed.

"Is it going to kill our wind?" she asked.

"Hope not. Might bring some. If it does go calm, we'll go to Guana Island and borrow Louis' outboard."

"Wish his big boat was fixed," she said.

"Hold your hat," I said, as the first flurry of rain and wind swept over us. The little boat went down on her side and sliced a pale green swath in the water. The sails were bar-taut and the big jib was pulling like a mule. Rain and spray poured over us and the air was suddenly howling with the noise of the squall, the awakened sea, the crashing of the boat.

I could hear her laughing and leaned over. "You're really taking a piece out of this one," she said.

I patted her quickly, the sheet hard in my hand. "As much as she'll take." I got out on the hull, keeping an eye on the fringe of swift white water running along the lee gunwale. The boat couldn't take much more without capsizing, but the squall was getting harder all the time.

Then I saw her working the bilge pump. "Let it go," I said.

"It's half full," she said, still pumping.

The wind shifted more toward the center of the squall and I strapped the boat down and held her. We were making knots with the heavy wind—the Tortola coast was rushing past; Guana Island was getting bigger; aft, Marina Cay was now far away.

The boat seemed very small and fragile then. The waves came out of the dark rain hard and white, and when she hit them it sounded as though she had cracked wide open. The stays would jerk and shiver like piano strings, and I kept my free hand on the chain plate in case the fastenings started to pull out.

It kept getting heavier and the wind went dead ahead when we got into the narrow channel between Tortola and Guana Island. Strapped flat, the little boat lunged across the channel, and I held her until her forereach would just let her stern clear the rocks. But with Rodie in the way, I couldn't handle the jib fast enough to keep us out of irons, and each time we went in, the wind and tide swept us fast toward the booming coast.

In the wet darkness I felt Rodie's hand fumbling around for the jib sheets and pushed it away. "I feel all right," she said. "Put them in the fair-leader."

It meant miles and minutes to have the jib snapped on when we came about. Rodie, still on her back, the rain pouring into her face, clamped the sheets on each tack and we finally clawed out of the narrow channel and into open water. There, with the whole sweep of the Atlantic on us, it was bad. The jib was too much for us in the puffs, and even after I took it off, we footed it.

Rodie got sick again, and when she was over the coaming a wave smashed into her, knocking her aft against the tiller. That doubled her up tighter than ever before, and she didn't seem to be able to breathe. I eased her down into the boat again and let the sail luff, the slides rattling furiously as we barely went ahead.

Then the squall ended. The wind and rain stopped and it was absolutely silent out there, except for water dripping from the boom. The moon seemed to run out from behind a cloud and sail right on through a clear dark sky. For a long time we lay there motionless and quiet on the black water.

"Wind's gone," she said.

I looked over at Guana Island where Louis and Beth Bigelow had their club. There were no lights; the low white buildings shone faintly in the moonlight; the road up the hill cut a narrow ribbon in the black dark trees.

LEAVING the sail on to catch any wind there was, I started rowing awkwardly toward Guana, with Rodie in the way.

"What time is it?" she asked. Her voice was low, the words jerky.

"After twelve. How you feeling?"

"Pretty bad," she said, and lay there looking up at me. "The phosphorus makes you shine," she said after awhile. Then she reached up and touched my arm. "Hello." Just whispering.

That got into me and I leaned between the oars and kissed her lips, which were cracked and hot. "We'll get the outboard and go like fury!" I said; but she didn't say anything.

After awhile we got into the big bay and anchored. I yelled once, but it sounded pretty feeble. I took the

tarp off Rodie and saw that she was lying in water. "Let's get you dry," I said, getting the suitcase.

I pumped the boat out then; getting her off the air mattress, I wiped it as dry as I could and got some clothes on her. Then I fixed some more ice in a towel and swam ashore.

It was a long steep path up to the Bigelows' and I was winded when I got there. The little dog barked in their bedroom, and Louis said, "Who is it? What's the matter?"

"White," I said. "Rodie's got appendicitis. Can we borrow your outboard?"

"The Iguana's O. K.," he said, lighting a lantern.

"Will you take us down?" I asked.

"Of course."

"Robb needs some pants," Beth said.

I waited, looking far down at the toy boat lying quietly on the shining still water, and thought of Louis' twin-screw cruiser. A good thing like that tore down something inside me and I wanted to go tell Rodie, but Louis was ready in five minutes and we were going down the hill.

Rodie looked beautiful lying in the boat with the moon on her face. She had on white shorts and a dark blue shirt and her arms and legs were very brown. With Louis' boatman helping, we got her into one of the bunks on the cruiser and Louis started the motors. We listened to them warming up, and Louis said, "Sound O. K."

"They're rolling!" I said, feeling excited and good. Rodie laughed a little, and I looked at her lying in the moonlit darkness.

THE cruiser cut out of the bay and into the wide dark sea. Our little boat rocked furiously in the wake and settled down—a little white blotch on the water, the mast tall and swaying against the sky. Louis came with a whisky for me and we stood on the stern looking at the boat. "I'm glad she's not in that," he said.

I couldn't say anything about it, so I drank my drink and looked at Rodie's face in the cabin.

We drank a lot of whisky as the boat tore on through the water. The sea was flat and gleaming and we went to town, the motors as tight as they would go, the exhaust gas streaming straight aft. Louis was quiet and encouraging, and we sat out on the stern, talking about a lot of things, going in to see Rodie, keeping ice in the towel, helping her when she got sick.

By four in the morning we were sliding into the harbor at Charlotte Amalie, St. Thomas. There weren't many lights on and the little town on its hills looked pretty—almost like a toy town.

We tied up at King's Wharf and I ran up the Ninety-nine Steps to Safford's to call Dr. Corey, the United States Public Health surgeon. "Do you need an ambulance?" he asked immediately, sounding wide awake.

"No."

"I'll be down in ten minutes."

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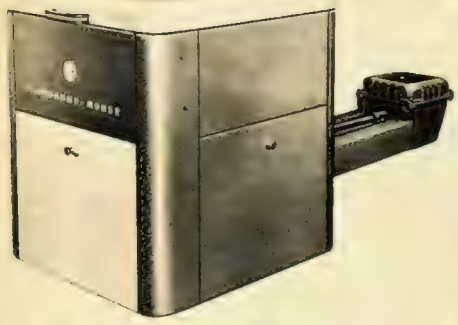

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He was. He examined Rodie on the boat, and when he went to get his car ready, Rodie said to me, "He wanted to know if it was a baby, and I had to tell him it wasn't, you dog."

In the hospital I sat in a chair and almost went to sleep while they worked on Rodie. At last Corey came over and I looked at him. "It's the works," he said. "You go get some sleep and come back."

"You going to operate?"

He nodded. "You go get some sleep," he said again, and I knew what he meant. Back at Safford's, Bob was up reading. I couldn't sleep, and he sat there and we talked for a long time as the sun came up and Charlotte Amalie came to life.

I WENT back to the dingy hospital, where they had Rodie all fixed and in the high bed. On the identification card they had "Race—Negro," and I showed it to her, and we laughed, because she was as brown as a new penny and miscegenetic marriages are common in that land. I marked it out and put "White—please," but Rodie was all doped up and asleep before I finished. I hung around outside until Corey came. I asked him how long it should take. "Twenty minutes," he said, "if there's no trouble."

"Is there going to be trouble?"

"It would've been better if you had come sooner."

Then a nurse called to two Negroes sitting in a wheelbarrow. When they came out with Rodie on a stretcher they were going so fast and jouncing so, that she was almost thrown out. I ran over and said, "For heaven's sake take it easy."

I got in front of the first one and put my hand on his chest and held him until he started forward slowly. I got Rodie back in the stretcher properly and walked beside her as they went across the open courtyard. When they got to the steep steps leading to the operating room, I said, "Have a good time, son," and she smiled a little.

Then I said to the Negroes, "Take it easy—see?—or I'll work you over when you come out of there."

"All right, boss," the front man said politely, and they were careful going up the stairs.

It was quarter to nine. Across the dirt road from the hospital there was a baseball game going on between the Negro CCC team and some other. Everybody was out in their Sunday best, yelling and jeering and making an awful racket. I sat under a tamarind tree, watching the game and thinking what any man would if his wife were being operated on. But I thought of more than that, too. I remembered how Rodie had given up a swell life, a beautiful home, everything, to marry me when I had four hundred dollars. We had taken a whipping, even after we bought Marina Cay. In an open shed we had been knocked around by a hurricane; on the hill, Rodie, opposite me with a shovel, had mixed concrete under a blazing tropical sun; had helped build forms for our house; had spent twenty-three days digging a hole for a cistern. And never once complaining, never discouraged—always lifting *me* up when I thought I couldn't take any more of the backbreaking labor, the heartbreaking failure of my writing to get us even enough for food.

With the Negroes all around me yelling and swilling white rum, I thought about those things.

At five past nine I went back. She was still in there. At ten I went again. And still Rodie hadn't come out.

Back under the tree, I remembered a lot of little things about her: the way she looked asleep; the first time we had ever seen St. Thomas—it was a gray chilly dawn, and Rodie, in a white dress, had stood beside me hugging herself and shivering a little. Then the time the natives had told me that she had been drowned. That was a bad time, too, I remembered. I got to the cay just before dark and she wasn't there and the boat was gone. I had gotten panicky, rushing around barefooted on the coral. She had appeared, though, and told me how one of the servants had capsized in the boat and she had gone to get him in the kayak, for he couldn't swim. Many times after that I thought about it; remembered barracuda big enough to tear her in two, remembered the swift deadly currents, the jagged coral heads.

I had been too busy at little things to realize until then how much of my life was Rodie and—it was twelve o'clock. Corey had said twenty minutes.

THIS is it, I thought, as I went back across the road. And it was so useless. If we had had a little boat with a motor in it Rodie would be out of there now and perfectly all right. That way, it looked so simple—a man needed food first and then something to shelter him, then he needed a boat to save his wife's life. All essential things, A-B-C stuff, and I hadn't provided the boat.

She came out at half past twelve. Her face was pale and perfectly serene; one hand dangled from the stretcher. When they got her in bed she hardly breathed.

I went across to the operating room, where Corey was cleaning up. "How was it, doc?"

He looked at me; a keenly intelligent man. "Hot," he said.

"Is she all right?"

He nodded. "But a few more hours . . ." he said, pointing with his elbow at a curved enameled pan on a table. I looked in it and saw a pinkish gray thing like a limp forefinger lying all by itself. There was a gray streaming crack along it.

That little thing, I thought, and stood there looking at it.

It must have been a long time, because when I turned around, Corey was gone.

THE END

Hitler's frankenstein

READING TIME • 5 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

BY RENÉ KRAUS

The amazing true story of the traitor-Englishman in whose mind Nazism began

GERMANY is closer to her goal of world domination than she ever was. Her "master race" will dominate a "living space" that will be world-wide, since the Teutons alone are the real chosen people. The chosen people of other days, the Jews, will be extinguished. Only an "Aryan Christ," a "Heroic Jesus" shall be worshiped. Papacy and the Catholic Church must be liquidated; they always were under Semitic influence, and mortal enemies of the German people. . . . There will remain, of course, no rights of man whatever. The individual is only important as a mute particle of his race.

It will all be very simple. Having annihilated the British Empire and punished the French for "their mad dependence on England," the Germans will destroy the "peoples of chaos" — meaning the Latin and Mediterranean nations. The Slavs are subhuman; their extinction will present no difficulties. And who cares about "mongrel" America?

Does this sound like Hitler in his daydreams? Exactly. Yet what I have been presenting to you is the gist of the contents of a book that was published forty-one years ago. To be sure, it is, according to Hitler's own confession, the only book he has ever read from cover to cover. Its title is The Foundations of the Nineteenth Century. Its author is, of all people, an Englishman by the name of Chamberlain — Houston Stewart Chamberlain, no relation of the British ex-Premier.

Houston Stewart Chamberlain was the real inventor of Nazism. Hitler has just copied his blueprint. He was, in my belief, a crazy genius. He was the son of a British admiral, a member of a family that has given England some distinguished soldiers. Yet never has England known a renegade more hateful than he was. Perhaps his physical shortcomings explain his tragic course through life.

He was a weakling from early youth. Unfit for a military career, he was raised by a good-natured aunt in Versailles. Since the climate there did not agree with his chronic lung condition, he moved to the Riviera. There, as an impressionable youth in his teens, he first met a German clergyman and educator, Kuntze by name, who also had tuberculosis. Kuntze taught Chamberlain first the German language, then what he called the German ideology. He was a bellicose Pan-German, and soon Chamberlain adopted the German creed. "I would give my left arm to be a German," he wrote at that time. Later, when he was stricken and lost the use of that arm, he thanked God for having accepted his sacrifice.

Though obsessed with Germanism, he did not yet feel really German. Not until he was past sixty did he apply for German citizenship. "I am a stranger in this world," he wrote to a friend. "In England I can't breathe, from hatred of the country and the people, but in Germany I don't feel at home either. I am so different from the real German people. I feel as if they would point their fingers and say, 'Look, the Englishman.'"

Meanwhile he had moved to "quarter-German" Switzerland and later to "half-German" Vienna. All his life he frequented universities, dabbled in sciences. His first book, published in French, dealt with the physiology of flowers. Other books were studies of Kant, Goethe, and Wagner—whom he called "the sun of my life." Hitler's Wagner fixation is entirely due to Chamberlain's doctrine. Eventually Chamberlain married Wagner's youngest daughter. He became the closest friend of his mother-in-law, Cosima Wagner. In the end he moved into Wahnfried, which had been the great composer's home, and he was the last host in this German shrine.

In 1899, while living in Vienna, he startled the German-speaking world with The Foundations. No modern book in the German language has influenced German thinking more deeply. Rereading it today, we find that it is ostensibly a history of mankind, and tells how the Teutonic "master race" came into being, the legitimate heir of the Aryan Indo-European race; how they carried light all over the world, and how they have to reconquer the world. This, Chamberlain concludes, is the foundation of the nineteenth century.

"This book," he says, "is written by an unscholarly man." Those are possibly the only words in it that are true. The rest is a confused mass of unprovable facts and unsound, sometimes crazy opinions. However, it was the first intrusion of anti-Semitism into "scientific" writing, the first "philosophic" clarion call for world-wide German overlordship, the expression of that streamlined barbarism with an "intellectual" camouflage which was to exert such a tremendous influence on German minds years and years before Hitler.

No German could ever have written so mad and unbalanced an account; it took a renegade to out-German the Germans. But no German had such command of a beautiful, flowering, overwhelmingly rich style. It had taken Chamberlain decades to master the German language. Now he was the greatest living stylist in it.

After eleven years The Foundations was translated into English. Lord Redesdale — father of Unity Freeman-Mitford — contributed a highly approving introduction. But the book was laughed off in England.

Wilhelm II did not laugh it off. It became his favorite reading—next to the Bible, he asserted—and the ensuing correspondence between the Kaiser and the author continued almost thirty years, until Chamberlain's death in 1927. During the World War Chamberlain led the clamor for the destruction of England. His books and articles of that time sound as if written today. Unquestionably they have impressed Hitler.

Immediately after the World War began, Chamberlain was paralyzed. He lived on, unable to move, almost blind, tormented by insomnia.

"This was the first night in nine years that I could sleep soundly—the night after your visit," he wrote one day in 1923. "I still felt the kindness of your eyes, the inspiration of your handshake." The letter was addressed to Adolf Hitler. The Führer, then a soapbox orator, had visited Chamberlain. To pay his respects to the decrepit old prophet and forerunner? Quite the contrary. Unmoved, Hitler had listened to the humble stammering of the man from whom he had stolen his thunder.

"You are no politician," Chamberlain wrote him. "You are the redeemer. You spread peace. The fact that Germany, in her days of deepest humiliation, has created Adolf Hitler, gives me back my belief in Germany."

Hitler did not bother to answer. In Mein Kampf he casually refers to The Foundations just once. Soon after his rise to power, a popular edition of The Foundations was reissued and found rapid circulation. Then suddenly it had to be withdrawn. Hitler's publisher was afraid its popularity might impair the sales of Mein Kampf. Besides, the German people need not know who had educated their Führer. Much better for them to believe his ideas were all due to inspiration.

THE END

Olympe Bradna and Jon Hall as the native lovers in South of Pago-Pago, a charming fable of the South Seas.

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

RHAPSODY IN MAUVE

BY BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

★ ★ ★ PRIDE AND PREJUDICE

THE PLAYERS: Greer Garson, Laurence Olivier, Mary Boland, Edna May Oliver, Maureen O'Sullivan, Ann Rutherford, Frieda Inescort, Edmund Gwenn, Karen Morley, Heather Angel, Marsha Hunt, Bruce Lester, Edward Ashley, Melville Cooper, Marten Lamont, E. E. Clive, May Beatty, Marjorie Wood. Screen play by Aldous Huxley and Jane Murfin, based on Helen Jerome's dramatization of Jane Austen's novel. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard. Produced by Metro - Goldwyn - Mayer. Running time, 118 minutes.

JANE AUSTEN penned Pride and Prejudice at the turn of the eighteenth century. The English clergyman's daughter wrote of unsensational ordinary middle-class life in quiet provincial settings, did it with some humor and irony, contributed considerably to the development of *the novel of manners*. Whether or not this is movie material is quite another matter, unless you like a leisurely tale of England in 1781.

Specifically it is the story of how the rich, moody, snobbish Mr. Darcy capitulates to the charm and honesty of Elizabeth Bennet, whose feministic ideas were far in advance of her era. Back of this is a detailed portrait of the Bennet household faced with the problem of five marriageable daughters in a dull matrimonial market.

Even with the interesting Greer Garson making Elizabeth Bennet human and real, even with Laurence Olivier being properly dour and upper-class as the spoiled Mr. Darcy, the screen drama is slow, undramatic, and far too long. It is all admirably cast and the production is expensive.

Best performances are Edna May Oliver's austere and domineering Lady Catherine and Edmund Gwenn's quiet and sympathetic, if wife-ridden, Mr. Bennet.

Pale mauve, if you like that sort of thing.

VITAL STATISTICS: Greer Garson, redheaded, green-eyed, was born in North Ireland. First of her family to try the theater, had a tough time of it until she met Laurence Olivier. Played opposite him in Golden Arrow. . . . Hollywood turned its back on Olivier when he first went out, some ten years ago. Returned to the stage, scored in films two years ago when he did Heathcliff in Wuthering Heights. His father, the Rev. Gerard Olivier of Dorking, Surrey, England, originally planned the ministry for Laurence, but the future actor talked him out of it. *On stage since 1922.* . . . In a bit over seventeen years the famous Busch gardens of Pasadena have been the background of more than 200 films. Here they furnish the scenic background for Netherfield Park. The gardens, by the way, cost a million dollars to *landscape. When studios rent 'em,* the earning goes to charity by provisions of Mrs. Lily Busch's will. . . . Adrian created 114 gowns for the eleven women principals. Says the dresses of this period were the most romantically charming of any female clothes era. One drawback: weighed upward of thirty pounds each.

★ ★½ SOUTH OF PAGO-PAGO

THE PLAYERS: Victor McLaglen, Jon Hall, Frances Farmer, Olympe Bradna, Gene Lockhart, Douglass Dumbrille, Francis Ford, Ben Welden, Abner Biberman, Pedro de Cordoba, Rudy Robles, Robert Stone, Nellie Duran. Screen play by George Bruce. Directed by Alfred E. Green. Produced by Edward Small-United Artists. Running time, 97 minutes.

A PLEASANT enough, pictorially charming fable of the South Seas. Some Chinese coast adventurers, headed by greedy, brutal Bucko Larson, otherwise Victor McLaglen, go seeking pearls in the South Pacific, taking along a tough little charmer of the Singapore water front, one Ruby Taylor. They bring rum and evil to the gentle island of Manoa—but Ruby meets the handsome bronze young son of the chieftain and loses her heart. It makes a new gal of Ruby, but death and disaster follow in the trail of her regeneration under a tropic moon.

There's lovely Frances Farmer, looking as hard and as callous as she can in the role of Ruby, there's Jon Hall to lend a lyric figure to the part of the chieftain's son, there's Olympe Bradna to play the little native girl who all along has loved handsome Kehane of Manoa. Nothing like this ever really happened, I strongly sus-

Eighteenth-century England passes in mild parade in a new movie journey into the past

LIBERTY
LIBERTY.

pect, but it is a nice enough, passably exciting fabrication of the lonely atolls where distant volcanoes rumble and the plot comes up like thunder from Hollywood 'crost the seas.

VITAL STATISTICS: Correct pronunciation is pango-pango. Pago-Pago came about because first missionaries had no n's in the font of type with their printing press. So first printed literature spelled it Pago-Pago. . . . Jon Hall was born in Tahiti, his family being prominent citizens of Papeete. He was educated in Switzerland and England. An old friend of the family, Gouverneur Morris, the writer, introduced him to E. E. Clive, the actor, who was producing a play at the Hollywood Playhouse. Clive had just lost his young lead, Robert Taylor, to the films. Hall got the part. Came roles in films, and then Sam Goldwyn gave him the lead in The Hurricane. Hall is a crack swimmer, learned as a tiny child in the Pacific, can handle an outrigger canoe like a native. . . . Olympe Bradna was born in Paris; came of the famous circus family; at eight was dancing in theaters. First appeared in New York at night clubs, made a hit, was signed by Paramount. . . . Principal location site was on the Kona coast on the island of Hawaii; 2,000 natives employed, 300 canoes assembled, entire native village built on the beach. Later the village was reproduced on the studio sound stages. This covered 23,000 square feet of floor space. . . . The principals couldn't go the real poi after the first few shots. So the property man substituted vanilla ice cream.

★ ★½ THE BOYS FROM SYRACUSE

THE PLAYERS: Allan Jones, Martha Raye, Joe Penner, Rosemary Lane, Charles Butterworth, Irene Hervey, Alan Mowbray, Eric Blore, Samuel S. Hinds. Screen play by Leonard Spigelgass and Charles Grayson, based on the stage musical by George Abbott, Richard Rodgers, and Lorenz Hart. Directed by Edward Sutherland. Produced by Universal. Running time, 73 minutes.

TWO years ago Broadway craftsmen took Mr. Shakespeare's Comedy of Errors and transformed it into a lively musical comedy. It seems, in case you forget, that there were twin brothers and twin serving men who somehow became separated in childhood by war. So, after Ephesus defeats Syracuse, Antipholus of the city that lost comes to victorious Ephesus with his slave, seeking his brother. In no time the twins get all mixed up.

Allan Jones plays and sings both of the noble twins, Joe Penner does both of the comedy slaves. Irene Hervey and Rosemary Lane do the lovely ladies of Ephesus who get all involved, and Martha Raye clowns over the two serving Dromios who look alike.

With the background of ancient Greece, done with jazzy modern touches, the musical has novelty. Mildly entertaining, passably amusing, and rather decorative.

VITAL STATISTICS: This 1938 Broadway musical show ran 235 performances. . . . Rodgers and Hart have added two new numbers to the original score. . . . Allan Jones and his wife, Irene Hervey, appear together for the first time in films. Very first scene shot was a love interlude between Jones and Irene. They almost blew up doing it, too. . . . Every male, save seminude Eric Blore, had his hair curled daily by hairdresser Helen Stoeffler. . . . That Grecian street, 200 feet long, is the largest outdoor set ever constructed at U. Jack Otterson designed it. Comedy props, such as trolley, cab, and ice-cream vending chariots, are what director Eddie Sutherland calls "purposeful anachronisms."

Short Review:

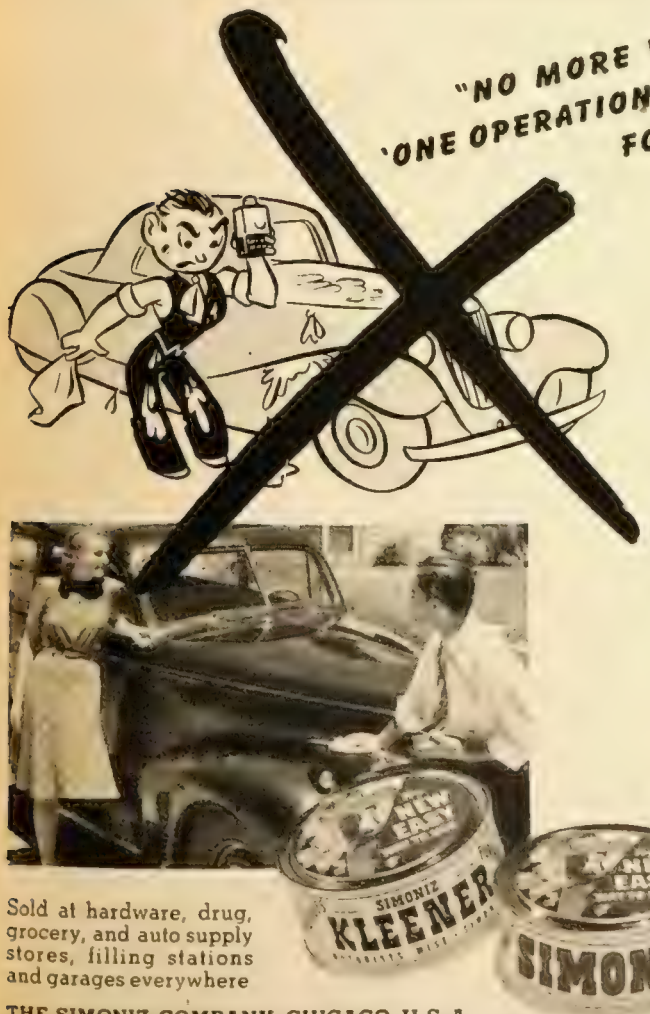
★ ★ **MARYLAND** (Twentieth Century-Fox). This is a tale of the red-coated social set, in which a woman, embittered by the death of her husband who was killed in a fox hunt, sends her son to be educated abroad so that he will miss the urge to ride. He returns and insists on riding in the Maryland Hunt Cup Race, thereby breaking his mater's heart. A manufactured yarn, with Fay Bainter as the mother, John Payne as the son, and Walter Brennan as a cantankerous horse trainer. In technicolor.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Our Town, The Baker's Wife, Rebecca, Pinocchio, Dr. Ehrlich's Magic Bullet, The Grapes of Wrath, Abe Lincoln in Illinois.

★★★½—The Great McGinty, The Mortal Storm, Virginia City, The Fight for Life, My Son, My Son, Road to Singapore, Young Tom Edison, Northwest Passage.

★★★—Andy Hardy Meets Debutante, I Want a Divorce, New Moon, My Love Came Back, Tom Brown's School Days, The Ghost Breakers, Susan and God, All This, and Heaven Too, Brother Orchid, Edison the Man, Waterloo Bridge, Lillian Russell, Torrid Zone, My Favorite Wife, The Doctor Takes a Wife, Those Were the Days, 'Til We Meet Again, A Bill of Divorcement, Dark Command, Saturday's Children, Irene, The Biscuit Eater, It's a Date, Johnny Apollo, Primrose Path, The House of the Seven Gables, Too Many Husbands, Strange Cargo, Dr. Cyclops, Buck Benny Rides Again, Seventeen, The Shop Around the Corner, The Fighting 69th, The Blue Bird, Slightly Honorable, The Earl of Chicago.



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MOTORISTS WISE

SIMONIZ

Parting Shot

By DALE CLARK

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

IN the hallway Sheila Breen gave herself a last glance at her compact mirror, steeling herself to the ordeal of seeking a job for which she had no experience and no training. Then she opened the office door and stepped firmly up to the receptionist's window.

"Is Mr. Andrews in?" she asked. "It's about the ad in the paper."

"Fill this out," the girl said, pushing a mimeographed form into Sheila's fingers. "Got a picture of yourself? Clip it onto your application. Through that door—"

Sheila went through "that door," and knew immediately she didn't have one chance in a million. There were a dozen young women ahead of her, and every one of them ten times lovelier than Sheila Breen could ever hope to be.

Oh, maybe they weren't really so much prettier. It was the graceful way these young women wore their maddeningly smart autumn creation clothes.

Because you had to know how to wear clothes. *Fashion models wanted for advertising agency campaign, sizes 14 and 16,* the ad said. Sheila Breen could tell that the girls here were experienced professionals.

Almost she turned and walked out. She would have, if it hadn't been for the feel of the manila envelope in her hand. The envelope with the last picture Paul had taken of her.

Paul— Thinking of him drove her on. She was so terribly out of place here—so actually shabby in the brown number that hadn't been really smart when it was new a year ago. But she sat down, filled in her application and clipped the photograph to the mimeographed form.

A gray-suited man came in, collected the applications, and left Sheila sitting there. Remembering.

She'd known the minute Paul came into the apartment last night. His too-fixed grin wouldn't have fooled any woman alive. Not any woman who loved him. . . .

The breath had stopped in Sheila's throat. She gasped, "Paul! What happened?"

"Good news," he told her. "We're in the money, hon. I managed to sell the old box. Ninety dollars."

Good news! It was the kind of good news that squeezed the heart numb inside of you.

She said, unbelievingly: "You—you sold your camera?"

A thing like this wasn't thinkable. Paul Breen was a newspaper photographer. At least, he had been one until the Globe-Times went out of business last winter. But he owned his camera, anyway. He could freelance with it, could sell a spot-news picture now and then. Only now and then, though.

"Paul!" she said. "You didn't!"

He nodded. "George Berry took it off my hands. Tomorrow afternoon I'll take it down to him." He'd quit grinning now. His face had a hard, gaunt look. He said, "There's some film in the holders. I'll use it up tonight on you. It'll be nice to have a picture to remember you by."

"Remember me—?"

"That ninety bucks is going to take you back to Seattle, hon."

He meant he was sending her to her folks. He'd talked about it before, and she'd always said, "I could get a job—"

She'd said that again, last night. A muscle jerked nervously in his cheek. "No," he said. "You can't merely step out and pick up a job like window shopping. I've been pounding the pavements for six months now. You take a hell of a beating. It crumples up something inside of a person." He was trembling. "I can take it myself, but I can't stand by and watch my wife taking it."

She didn't say anything more about it. And after dinner Paul got out his camera and the tripod and the photoflood bulbs.

"Use the panchromatic cream," he said. "And put on the blue dress. We might as well make a job of this."

When he had used all the film, he told Sheila, "I'll run this stuff through tonight," and disappeared into the improvised bath-darkroom.

That was when Sheila had slipped out and bought the paper to study the want ads. But she didn't really sell herself the idea until Paul brought in the pictures.

"It's funny," he said. "I'm just beginning to catch on to this business when I have to give it up—"

But Sheila was staring at the glossy enlargements and thinking, Maybe I could model! Certainly if she could look like that in her old blue dress—well, there was hope!

She had nothing left of the hope now. Inertia, sheer numbness of defeat, as much as anything kept her huddled in her chair until the gray-suited man appeared in the doorway.

"Mrs. Breen," he said.

She stumbled hastily across the room.

"I'm Andrews. In charge of production here," the man said. He closed the inner office door.

Sheila gulped, "Y-yes?"

"I'm afraid I'll have to disappoint you," Andrews said. His voice was gentle. "Just at present there's nothing for any one of your type. But we'll keep you in mind."

"Thank you," she managed. The tears made her grope blindly toward the door.

"This picture of yours, Mrs. Breen," Andrews was saying. "I wondered which studio took it."

Sheila turned quickly. Andrews' face was blurred but smiling.

"Anybody who can take glamour pix and keep 'em human instead of theatrical," he said—"we could use a man like that. Permanently, if he'd consider coming in with us on a salary basis. If you don't mind, I'd like to phone this chap."

Salary basis. He meant a job for Paul! It took Sheila Breen a moment to realize the incredible truth. She said, "Why, yes, you can— No! Let me tell him. Let me be the first to tell him!"

THE END

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1940; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

My Love Affair with MUSSOLINI

By MAGDA FONTANGES

READING TIME • 15 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

PART THREE—CONCLUSION

BEWILDERED with love, I yield myself to the insistent caresses of my lover. When he tears himself from my arms, he tells me sharply:

"Now you know my love and you are mine!"

I press myself against him again, I kiss his chest, and, holding my face up to his, I cry out:

"I adore you!"

He grips my shoulders. "You will never love me enough!" he declares.

Leaning over him, I kiss his eyes, utter the thousand words that always spring to the lips of lovers. Suddenly he lifts himself and says anxiously:

"You will tell no one that you came here? It must remain a secret between us!"

I promise him it shall.

"It is late," he says. "We must separate now. I shall give you a sign soon. Wait!"

Presently, in the absolute silence of the night, we go back to the Room of the Map of the World. Then slowly he escorts me out and, concealing a bit of jealousy under a veil of irony, he wants to know how I plan to spend the rest of the evening, and asks me not to loiter in the dance room of the hotel. Unmoved by my disgruntled expression, he makes it very clear:

"You shall return straight to your

The dramatic climax of a strange confession . . and its sensational aftermath

Removing the scarf, he flings it around my neck and pretends to strangle me . . .

...nent." And he halts all reproach with a last kiss.

Sunday, 5th of May.

I asked to be awakened early this morning to keep an appointment made with Mascia, the usual guide of newspaper reporters at all manifestations.

Yesterday Count de Chambrun phoned me, telling me he wished to take a walk in my company. He asked me to call for him at the Embassy at five o'clock. I did not think it wise to refuse. We took an automobile which brought us first to the Baths, but we found the gates closed.

"No luck," Chambrun said. "I had hoped to kiss you in the shadow of those old stones!"

And he tried to cajole the keeper into opening the gates. Then, after consulting me, he ordered the chauffeur to take us to the Appian Way. There we alighted to walk among the ancient tombs and the ruins. Suddenly he declared:

"If you come again to Rome, you must let me know in advance, for I shall arrange matters so that you may stay at the Embassy. That will be more convenient!"

A tomb, a grassy mound, rose before us. "Let's go behind it," he said, "where I can at last kiss you!" That prospect did not appeal to me, and I defended myself archly, but he reassured me: "Oh, only a little kiss on the neck."

The earth was wet, and we sank in mud. Moreover, the peasants working in the near-by fields looked at us with curiosity. Chambrun laughed and stormed: "Decidedly, there's nothing doing with those dolts around! I shall not succeed in putting my lips on that charming little neck! All right. Come along. We got all muddy for nothing."

We went back to the car, and returned to the Farnese Palace. "Here, at last, I can have that little kiss I have so richly earned," he told me.

HIS wife, the Countess, was in Syracuse, where he was to join her during the evening. In the small white salon he succeeded in cornering me in a window opening, and I had to grant him what he had sought for so many hours, lest a disagreeable quarrel transform flirtatiousness into a vengeful bitterness.

Leaving, I asked to be dropped at the Ministry of Propaganda, where Mascia was just back from a trip. He greeted me cordially, joked discreetly about my "success," and invited me to tomorrow's reception to the agriculturists at the Palace of Venice. Reaching my hotel, I found a message from Sebastiani. When I called him up, he asked:

"Can you come to the Palace of Venice at six thirty?"

I accepted enthusiastically, and half an hour later I was before Mussolini. When I came in, he was talking over the telephone. He broke off the conversation, jumped up, and embraced me. With the air of a schoolboy on a lark, he said, "You want us to go out there? I haven't the time! But never mind that—eh?" And he dragged me on the run through corridor and rooms to the small chamber with the divan.

Our stay in that place brought me renewed ecstasy, but was all too brief. When I said as much, he said, "Yes, it *is* a bit hurried! But I must get back to the job. In a few days we shall enter a calmer period." And, on the run, we returned to his office.

I wanted to ascertain the actual mood of "Dickie"—a power in the management of La Liberté, and a political aspirant—and from the hotel, around midnight, I called him in Nancy, where he had gone for the duration of the political campaign.

Since the first days of my sojourn in Rome, Dickie had not written me. He now greeted me on the phone in a bantering tone. I begged him to think how he was slighting the head of the government of Italy by preventing publication of my interview. I added that I found myself compelled to return for a few days to clear up the situation, and that he would be forced to make amends. He pretended to be very unconcerned—and then he raged:

"So long as you find yourself so comfortable so far, I really do not see why you should come back! Don't take the trouble!"

I sought to soften him, but without much success.

IN the quiet of this late hour I studied the situation carefully. Contrary to what I had expected at the start, I could see a thousand stumblingblocks in my path, put there by those who logically should have helped me. Alas, I did not yet know that there is a motive more powerful than self-interest—jealousy.

On the other hand, I should have gone back to Paris since April 16, to take up my duties at the Exposition. I had written to one of the officials to inform him I was detained in Rome, and I now realized suddenly that I had received no reply.

The situation in Paris was growing precarious for me; that was clear. As to Rome, Benito had told me several times, "You shall not be able to leave Rome. Wait"—but there was no definite solution for the problem of my financial resources. I wanted, above everything else, to remain financially independent. *I wanted to prove to Benito my complete disinterestedness.*

I therefore resolved to go back to Paris immediately, to rebuild, on the spot, the scaffolding that was threatening to sag. I expected, in any event, to return eight days later. In order to inform Mussolini of my plans and ask his permission to go, I wrote him a letter, which I planned to deliver to him at the Palace of Venice, during the reception.

Consequently, at nine o'clock this morning I am waiting on the terrace of the large café. One after another, reporters arrive, gay, noisy, until Mascia appears, when we gather about him, and cross the Piazza to enter the Palace. The vast room in which the peasant farmers will receive their awards is already filled.

With his rapid, rhythmic stride, surrounded by several collaborators, Alfieri among them, Mussolini makes his entrance—and is saluted with an endless cheer. When his eyes discover me, they widen and his lips crease in an amused smile. Then he utters a brief speech. After that, the poor peasants file before him. And then all is over. Amid cheers, he goes into the next room, where the reporters are invited to spend five minutes in his company.

The platters of vegetables and fruits have preceded us, and Mussolini bids us help ourselves. I hang back, a little abashed. From afar, he gives me a sign of recognition; then, daring gossiping tongues, he selects an orange and nibbles it enough to leave the marks of his teeth on it. Holding it at arm's length, he cleaves the startled crowd and comes to offer it to me!

PRESENTLY he leaves us, passing between two rows of spectators, who bow respectfully. I am at the end, and before me he halts and pretends to be astonished: "So you are lengthening your stay in Rome!" Without losing countenance, I reply: "Mr. President, I await the taking of Addis Ababa." He laughs and continues on his way, followed by Alfieri, while I restrain an urge to run after him!

At the door I see him stop and speak to Alfieri. Then they call the head usher and point me out to him. The door closes behind them, and the usher makes straight for me. He leads me to Benito's office.

Very lively, Benito toys with my curls and says, "Go run an errand—you must have one to do! I can see you in twenty minutes, but just now I have some guys waiting for me."

Needless to say, I agree with delight.

As soon as I am back, I throw my arms around his neck. Locked in one another's arms, we join our lips. . . . Suddenly he notices the scarf I wear, a gift of the Ministry of Propaganda. It is a square of black Chinese crêpe on which the speech of the October *Adunata* is printed in white.

"Where did you pick that up?" he asks. "If you wear it in Paris, you'll be arrested on the streets."

I tell him that if I should go to Geneva for the June session, I mean to wear it in the halls of the League of Nations. He prances with joy.

"There's a brilliant idea! Let me have it—I'll try it on!"

And he amuses himself by tying it around his neck. Then, looking at himself in a mirror:

"See, Magda? Fix it this way, so my name will show. I want you to stroll through the halls of the League with my name across your chest. What a fuss *they* will make!"

And he laughs as he struts around. Then, removing the scarf, he flings it around my neck and pretends to strangle me . . . and that make-believe struggle ends in kisses.

I hand him my article for La Liberté which jealousy kept from being published. I give him also the letter I wrote him last night, and then I venture to tell him further about the trip I feel obliged to take. "Wait," he orders. "Wait. We'll see. We'll talk this over again." I can only agree.

Toward evening, at the hotel, I see the doorman rushing through the lobby, gesticulating and shouting, "The Adunata! The Adunata!" And the sirens and the bells ring out. After an exciting race to the Piazza Venezia, I elbow my way through frenzied crowds to the palace assigned to reporters and distinguished foreigners, which faces the residence of Il Duce.

From a window I can see the whole square, submerged by a delirious, cheering human sea. They are shouting for Il Duce, who will, as every one knows, announce officially the capture of Addis Ababa. At length, on the famous balcony, in the twilight, he appears. In a splendid bit of eloquence, he informs the world the war is over and Italy is satisfied.

Again tremendous acclaim shakes Rome. As for myself, I am hypnotized! . . . Then night falls, and slowly the Piazza empties, triumphant processions forming.

. . . . .

I wanted, the next day, to transmit a little of this ecstasy in an article I tried to telephone to my paper. On the evening of the elections in France I had spoken to Dickie on the phone, and he had told me of his defeat, repeating like a chant, "Beaten! Beaten!" For me, I had felt positive, this dejection of his augured nothing good. And now his response to my enthusiasm over the Adunata was a little bitter laugh. What, he demanded, did Il Duce's performance matter? Il Duce should be taught not to keep special reporters in Rome indefinitely, when they had been sent for only three days! As for me, since I liked Rome so well, I could stay there!

Offering my resignation, I bent before the storm, and finally was allowed to dictate an article.

During the days that followed the government was very much occupied indeed. But Dino reassured me. Each morning, when he reported, Il Duce asked him if I was still in Rome.

And thus we reached the morning of May 9—

AFTERMATH

SO ends Magda Fontanges' own account of her love affair. But there is a bizarre, disastrous sequel, the first part of which must be told from information supplied by Magda alone. Because the head of the Italian government was involved, no other version is available.

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According to her, Mussolini suddenly broke off relations with her. The reason she gives is that Count de Chambrun, because of diplomatic or personal considerations, did not want her affair with Mussolini to continue, and spread false reports that reached his ears.

According to her, Mussolini stopped sending for her without a word of explanation. She waited for weeks, then in desperation called on de Chambrun. After swearing him to secrecy, she asked if he knew any reason why Mussolini should no longer want to see her. De Chambrun reminded her that Mussolini was extremely busy. He had also been informed that Mussolini's granddaughter was ill, and he supposed that he spent much of his spare time with her.

For a while Magda was comforted. She went to Paris on business, and soon returned to Rome. Still no word from Mussolini. She went again to the French embassy. De Chambrun was out, but she was received by his secretary. Before she could tell him why she had called, he said he knew all about her affair with Mussolini.

Magda was shocked. So de Chambrun had betrayed her confidence! But the secretary went on to say much more—that he also knew she was an operative in the service of the French Intelligence.

"That's a lie!" Magda cried. "I have never been associated with the Intelligence Department!"

But even as she made this indignant protest she felt sure that now she knew why Mussolini had cast her off. She tried to see him to prove to him that she was innocent of the charge. But all her efforts failed.

Believing implicitly that she had been victimized, she brooded, decided life was not worth living, and swallowed a large overdose of veronal.

She almost died. News of her attempted suicide spread through Rome. Some messages of sympathy came to her. But from Mussolini there was no word.

Slowly she recovered. When she was well enough to walk about, one of Mussolini's secretaries visited her. He told her regretfully that her friendship with Il Duce had become known in Rome and people were gossiping. Therefore it was best for her to leave the country. Later, when the situation cleared, she might perhaps return. All the expenses she had incurred in Rome, including the doctor bills, would be met, and an escort would be provided for her.

Magda knew this was a dismissal. But there was nothing she could do. She left Italy.

In Paris, after some weeks she began writing letters to Mussolini. There was no reply. She wrote to influential people in Rome. There was no reply from them either.

Now she had to acknowledge to herself that all was lost. . . .

The foregoing is the half of the sequel for which Magda is the authority. The facts relating to the other half are to be found in the records of the Paris police.

One afternoon when de Chambrun was in Paris, Magda telephoned his home. Giving an assumed name, she asked if she could see the ambassador that evening. "But, madame," a servant replied, "he is leaving for Brussels on the Blue Bird Express at six ten today."

Magda said she would call some other time and hung up.

A little before six de Chambrun and his wife arrived at the Gare du Nord, the station from which the Blue Bird left. Magda was waiting for him on the platform. "May I speak with you just a moment?" she asked.

De Chambrun looked at her doubtfully, then left his wife and accompanied her a few steps. Some words passed between them. Suddenly Magda drew a pistol from her bag and fired. De Chambrun fell. Magda took aim again and pulled the trigger. The pistol jammed. Some one snatched it from her. She was held by attendants.

De Chambrun was rushed to a hospital.

Magda's marksmanship, fortunately, was bad, and the ambassador received only a slight wound in the thigh. But in the police investigation that followed, Magda's relationship with Mussolini, as well as her reason for shooting de Chambrun, became known. Only fragments of the story, however, were allowed to reach the public. The embarrassed authorities did everything they could to hush the matter up. The investigation was dragged out four months, and Magda was finally tried behind closed doors. Her punishment was surprisingly light: a suspended sentence of a year in prison and a fine equivalent to four dollars.

She tried to resume her career. But now newspapers would not employ her. Influential people shunned her. Soon she was practically penniless.

SHE accepted an offer from the manager of a New York cabaret to appear in his show. When she arrived, the immigration officials refused to admit her. Appeals to Washington were vain, and after a stay of a few weeks in Manhattan, made possible through habeas corpus proceedings, she was forced to leave. Police pressure on the management of the cabaret had prevented her appearance there.

Whether de Chambrun was really instrumental in breaking up her affair with Mussolini, as she believed, or whether Mussolini's policy was not to prolong such a friendship, or whether other factors were responsible for his attitude, will probably never be known.

The grimly ironic aftermath to Magda's adventure is that today Mussolini is one of the two men who hold her country in subjection.

THE END

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Confessions OF AN AMATEUR POLITICIAN

A champion of democracy finds life's supreme thrill

BY BERNARR MACFADDEN

EARLY in the seventh decade of a life given up to the promotion of sports and exercise and healthful pursuits of all kinds, I have discovered the supreme pastime, the most exciting, stimulating, and competitive workout known to modern man.

I mean, of course, campaigning for election.

I recommend it heartily to the quick, the intelligent, the dynamic, the strong, the vital American man. I recommend it as a postgraduate course in physical culture, a surpassing mental stimulus, a magnificent spiritual uplift, and a profound source of genuine fun.

If you lose, you have the satisfaction of knowing that you tried your best; that you gave your best efforts, your best thoughts, your best emotions to your fellow citizens. You will have gained an education in American politics, a better understanding of the American people, and a surer knowledge of American democracy. You will realize more fully that democracy does work in America. And, if you run again, you will be the better equipped to serve the voters.

If you win—but I wouldn't know anything about that, except through hearsay.

I am talking about my campaign for United States senator from Florida, in which I toured the state by airplane, made more speeches than I remember, and polled over 70,000 votes, to the surprise of the professional politicians. And I'm still tingling with the thrills I experienced in the six weeks the campaign lasted.

I decided to run for senator after listening to the advice of friends and after giving considerable study to the political situation. I was extremely busy. No man who publishes a string of national magazines has any appreciable time for idleness. And yet—

Let's look over the candidates as they seemed to me.

There was Senator Charles O. Andrews, running for re-election. A nice mild old man. He seemed seventy-five or more. I felt like a stripling compared to him. Apparently nothing but a Roosevelt rubber stamp. He had been appointed to fill an unexpired term.

There was Jerry W. Carter, railroad commissioner, a professional office runner. One of the newspapers said he'd had his feet in the public trough for too many years and it was time to remove them. (But you should have read what the papers said about me!) He was supposed to be very strong with the "crackers" and the wisecrackers. He was said to have won the support of organized labor groups—because of his position as railroad commissioner. He was also backed by the Townsend old-age pension crowd.

There was Governor Fred P. Cone, who had built up a strong state machine. I understood that he was not a well man, and that he had once made a pledge to the voters that if elected governor he would not seek any other office. I was told the governor had plenty of relatives on the state pay roll, and that he counted on them to pull votes for him.

There was Charles Francis Coe, author and attorney, a personable and able young man, an anti-New Dealer. He would make an admirable senator, I thought. But he couldn't be elected, because he was sponsored by the sophisticates, the ultra-fashionable, the moneyed citizens, the tiny minority of the voters.

And there was O. B. Hazen, who is still a mystery to me and to most other residents of the State of Florida. No one of my acquaintance ever saw him during the campaign; no one ever heard him speak; no one ever heard of him.

Three machine politicians and two amateurs.

The state machine piloted by Governor Cone would smash into the federal machine of Senator Andrews.

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And the "cracker" machine of Jerry Carter would pile into the wreckage. Somebody would be hurt.

In this situation, it seemed to me, the amateurs would be buried under the debris. But some master machinist, who knew how to keep from getting himself injured, would climb out of the wreckage and crow in victory.

This situation, I realized, existed in every state in the Union; and I began to wonder if it were not possible for an honest and capable amateur to show that it need not exist—to prove there were enough clear-thinking, independent, and fearless American citizens in the state to break the political machines to pieces.

Democracy, real democracy, I believed, was not dead but sleeping. It could be aroused. And when aroused there was no power on earth that could defeat it.

In this belief, I entered the race for senator on the Democratic ticket.

I didn't want to run as a Democrat. But there was no choice. I tried to file as a Republican. But there were various technicalities that barred me. But before enrolling as a Democrat I wanted advice from the voters. Therefore I placed an ad in the Miami newspapers, asking people to meet me in Inspiration Hall at Deauville and give me their candid opinions. Should I run as a Democrat, or should I run at all?

Two hundred or more men and women attended the meeting. Some were mere curiosity seekers. Some were minor politicians who saw a chance to better their financial conditions through my ambitions. Some were substantial citizens with ideas. I was so heartened by these latter that I determined to enter the race and make the best fight I could.

"HOW about this five-year-residence clause?" I asked my attorneys. "You're sure I can take office, if I win, despite the fact that I haven't lived here continuously for five years?"

"Don't worry about that clause," they said. "It doesn't always apply. There are cases we can cite as precedents if there's any trouble."

I rose at five o'clock the next morning, climbed into my plane, flew to Tallahassee, paid a filing fee of $500, and entered the race.

And then the fun began. Fun for the newspapers—and fun for me.

I suppose every amateur politician should expect abuse and ridicule and insinuations from the newspapers—especially those owned by politicians or allied to political interests. I got my share. There was scarcely one newspaper in the state that was even polite to my candidacy. All of them pointed out that I hadn't the ghost of a chance to win.

How, they asked, could I successfully fight the patronage machine of Andrews, with the government employees backing him, with the WPA and the PWA and all the other alphabet agencies, and the thousands of families on relief supporting him? How could I successfully fight the state machine of Governor Cone? And what could I do against the might of Jerry Carter, backed by the crackers and the 70,000 or so Townsendites?

However, most of the papers were decent enough to publish my platform and my policies.

During the first two weeks I had only five boys and a woman to aid me in the campaign. And they knew less about local politics than I did. We had only one sound truck. Later we had several touring Florida cities and villages.

I started on a speaking itinerary, with a schedule that called for me to cover sixty-seven counties in three weeks. I piloted my plane from city to city, spoke at night, and moved on the following day. The sound truck followed me, telling the world, through amplifiers, to "Boost Florida with Macfadden."

WHEREVER I went, great crowds came out to see me and to hear what I had to say. I made my first talk in West Palm Beach, "Socker" Coe's home town. Coe had drawn only 200 people in that city. My audience was, conservatively, nearly 5,000.

I spoke my mind about the New Deal. I also spoke of the sugar act, and the reciprocal trade agreements entered into between the United States and Cuba to the detriment of Florida citizens. I promised to give my salary as senator, $10,000 a year, to inaugurate an advertising campaign for the state. I promised $1,000 to anybody who would provide an old-age pension fund plan that would work—that is, that would prove practical from an economic and governmental standpoint and that would adequately take care of old people.

Running on a Democratic ticket, I preached Republican doctrines such as these:

"So long as there is an unbalanced budget in Washington, and so long as this extravagant spending continues, investors everywhere are afraid of the future. . . . They play what they term a 'safe game.' Consequently, the progress of business and the development of enterprises has practically disappeared in many lines of business activities. . . .

"All our trouble during this prolonged depression has been due to fanatical experiments by inexperienced brain-trusters. . . .

"The numerous bureaus and commissions in much of their activity assume the role of prosecutor, judge, and jury. They really become auxiliary Congresses—which is definitely unconstitutional. . . .

"Violent interference with economic law—price fixing, regimentation of employees and employers—ultimately brings disaster. Such government experimentation should be vigorously opposed. . . ."

The newspapers began to take a different attitude toward me, noting the crowds my platform drew. The

machine politicians began to regard me no longer with scorn but with something of alarm. They tried to make life hard for me and for my little organization.

For instance, the boys who drove the sound trucks were often arrested for driving down certain streets.

"This street is restricted at this hour," a policeman would say. "If you'd come five minutes earlier you might have got away with it. Now you'll be lucky if we don't confiscate your truck."

Likewise, the airplane pilots were continually molested by the police. (We had two planes, eventually, which flew over towns and advertised my candidacy through loud-speaker systems.) Old ordinances were dug up all over Florida and brushed off for use against these pilots. Yet the boys carried on successfully and did a magnificent job.

One Tampa newspaper ran daily editorials stating I could not be seated in the Senate if I won, and therefore it was more than foolish for any one to vote for me.

Other papers expanded on this thought, and I fully believe this had more harmful effect on my chances than any other lie circulated about me —or than the phony lawsuits instituted against me.

And there were other annoyances. For instance, the people who insisted on seeing me in private and offering their help, for a consideration.

"I control the cattlemen's vote, Mr. Macfadden," one of these said. "I can swing 50,000 votes your way if you'll listen to my proposition."

Another man had the citrus growers' vote in his vest pocket, and offered it for very little. But I didn't like the looks of his vest. Also, I could have bought the fishermen's votes, the storekeepers' votes, the hat-check girls' votes, and every other bloc in Florida, no doubt, if my visitors were correct and I were willing.

BUT there were funny incidents, too. In Orlando, after I had finished my speech, a woman came rushing up to me. "I owe you a dollar and a half, Mr. Macfadden," she said. "It's for my Liberty subscription. But I hope you don't mind, because I'm going to vote for you."

In Palatka a newspaper editor was alarmed over my use of sound planes. He declared that the crackers, hearing a voice coming out of the clouds, believed it the voice of Jehovah crying out, "Vote for Macfadden!"

Election Day was strenuous and wearing—not so much for me as for my opponents and for the newspapers who had indicated I was a fool to run, or a mad publicity seeker.

My phone rang constantly. People called up to say that I had won hands down. Early returns did indicate a surprising victory. The newspaper reporters demanded statements. How did I do it? I had no political machine, no slush fund, no backing of any kind except my own, no experience, and yet—and yet it was evident

ATHLETE'S FOOT Fungi Feed on Steaming Feet!

● Did you know that Athlete's Foot fungi thrive on excessive perspiration and dead skin? That's why it's important to be careful when your feet perspire profusely. When the skin between your toes gets irritated and cracks open, Athlete's Foot is especially "catching."

CRACKS between your toes WARN YOU

Laboratory tests prove that Athlete's Foot fungi actually grow twice as fast when they feed on excess perspiration and dead skin. When cracks appear they get under the skin, through the cracks, and spread unseen beneath the tissues. Itchy, red toes and skin peeling off in whitish patches are signs you have dreaded Athlete's Foot.

Drench those cracks TONIGHT

Play safe! Look carefully between your toes tonight. At the very first sign of a crack drench the entire foot with Absorbine Jr., *full strength*, night and morning.

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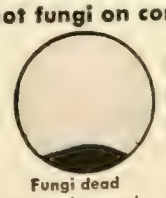
Photomicrograph of Athlete's Foot fungi. This parasitic plant life burrows under the tissues, attacks delicate nerve endings. No wonder Athlete's Foot causes such severe pain!



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I would have to run against Senator Andrews in the second or run-off primary. It is the law in Florida that in a primary contest, where no candidate receives a majority of the votes, the two with the most votes must run against each other.

Friends called to say the voting machine had jammed and they couldn't vote for me until it was fixed. What should they do? One of these said he had called the police department, and a policeman had answered, "Don't worry, lad; that's just cracker politics."

There are voting machines in only three big cities. In other cities and in the villages and towns the voter marks his ballot with a pencil—and some ballots are marked, I have been told, before they are given certain individuals to deposit in the ballot box.

Wednesday night almost every paper in Florida credited me with close to 70,000 votes, and declared that a miracle had happened—an amateur had won.

But the returns from 350 or 400 precincts in west Florida hadn't come in; and people wise in Florida politics advised me that was bad.

"You won't get any sort of final tally on those precincts until late Thursday or Friday," they said. "Those folks are waiting to see how many ballots they need to beat you. You're being counted out. But don't worry—that's just cracker politics."

On Thursday night the newspapers carried the story. Senator Andrews, as expected, had come in first with over 100,000 votes. Carter was second. Macfadden, third.

Weeks later the ultimate tabulation showed these figures:

For Andrews	178,195
Carter	80,869
Macfadden	71,487
Cone	68,584
Coe	33,463
Hazen	4,370

In the run-off primary Senator Andrews beat Carter by 312,293 votes to 137,461.

I had been defeated. But there were many triumphs to remember in that defeat. I had beaten the governor of the state and his machine. I had been the only candidate invited to speak at the Pensacola naval station—this, I suppose, to honor me for my work for aviation. I had been the only one invited to address the students of the University of Florida at Gainesville, where a huge crowd welcomed me at the airport, a parade—with hundreds of open cars, jaloppies, and other weird vehicles in line—accompanied me into town, and the boys and girls made as much noise as though they were celebrating a football victory. And I was the first candidate of any kind to organize a political parade and march it through the streets of Miami.

The largest crowd, of course, was that drawn by the Miami parade. Four drum majorettes led the way down Flagler Street into Bay Front Park. Hundreds of men and women followed, bearing great signs and banners. We had a sixty-piece brass band, which followed the open car in which I sat. Five hundred Liberty boy salesmen, carrying torchlights and singing God Bless America, brought up the rear. After them hundreds of automobiles fell into line. And 8,000 people gathered to hear me speak.

All the time bombs were bursting in air as fireworks were shot from a barge moored out in the bay.

The event was, I honestly believe, the most stirring political spectacle Miami has ever witnessed.

Yes, an amateur entering politics can have the time of his life; and if he goes at it right, and with proper preparation, he can triumph over any machine. Even the strongest machine states can be invaded and conquered by men of ideals and ideas. My campaign proves that.

It also proves that even in the solid South there is a definite trend away from New Deal control of voters.

IF any state is under the thumb of the WPA, that state is Florida; yet the anti-New Deal candidates in this election, Mr. Coe, Governor Cone, and I, polled a total of 173,534 votes. Add Carter's 80,869 to that—votes that were neither for nor against the New Deal—and you will realize that the New Deal didn't get much of a vote on the first primary.

It proves, too, that there is a great deal to the "lightning war" technique. It takes years and years to build up a political machine. It took a mere business man only a few weeks to smash one of these machines; but I used the latest methods—radio, the airplane, and advertising. Plenty of advertising.

And it proves that the Americanism theme is the mightiest of all themes to preach today. Every time I mentioned my detestation of foreign isms and insisted that America should go to war only to repel invasion, I got a heart-warming response.

Americanism is stronger today than it has been in the last twenty years or more. Democracy is stronger than it ever was; and it is on the march, seeking the men who will serve it best.

Yes, it was great sport while it lasted—that campaign. I'm sorry it's over. Wonder how it would be to try it again some day soon!

THE END

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LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

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JEAN MARSH JELLICO owns a hundred precious watches, yet she seldom knows the time. When I asked her what time it was, the other day, she had to skip down the hall and consult her elevator man. . . . Her hundred watches, you see, are treasured antiques representing past ages of watchcraft. She keeps them in a vault in a bank. For mere time-telling, she can't keep a watch to save her life. Has lost every one she ever had.

Women have long been ardent watch fanciers, Jean Jellico says. England's first Queen Elizabeth collected fine watches, as did Marie Antoinette, Madame Pompadour, and du Barry. Pompadour and du Barry wore watches set in finger rings. One of Elizabeth's watches—she had thirty or forty—was mounted on a broad arm band. She used to declare she'd like to choke Mary Stuart with it!

The last emperors of China were extremely watch-conscious. They always carried two watches, exactly alike, so that if one stopped they could depend on the other. Maybe! Jean Jellico doesn't know what they did if both stopped. . . . A Chinese emperor ordered one of the most magnificent Swiss watches ever made; gave it to his first-born son. Thieves broke into the royal pagoda and snitched it during a royal birthday party. The fabulous watch—of sculptured gold, carved ivory, musical bells, and scenes animated by gems moving on invisible wires—wasn't glimpsed or heard of again until it turned up, mysteriously, in the hands of a court lover who presented it to Catherine the Great, Empress of Russia. . . . Watch collecting is a romantic hobby!

☆ It's supposed to be a secret— but nobody told *me* not to tell—that the daughter and daughter-in-law of an important national politician go shopping in their own attic. Behind this peculiar conduct lies the story of a divorce blocked for years by extravagance. In love with another woman, the political gent long ago begged his wife to release him. She demanded a palatial residence, a large cash settlement. Got both, then backed out of her part of the bargain. As a result, he has been financially crippled ever since, and she goes on deliberate spending sprees that keep him too broke for Reno. Always short of money, when the girls in the family need things they sneak up to the attic, where the politician's wife hides away hundreds and hundreds of unopened packages of merchandise bought for spite at expensive stores. . . . What a life! What a life!

☆ More attic news: . . . Truly Victorian is the revived art of transforming cast-off junk into stylish *décors*. Our grandmothers did it, and now we are doing it again for economy's sake. I have just been admiring one such ingenuity in the bedroom of a newlywed friend. From the attic she dragged out a small kitchen table, a hopeless old golden-oak mirror, and a knock-kneed piano stool with a swivel seat. At little cost she topped the table with glass over cream satin; painted the mirror frame cream; draped table and stool with circular skirts of good material striped horizontally cream and red; and finished the wall behind with the same cream-and-red-striped fabric. Altogether it makes a gay smart vanity unit.

☆ There are cool spells during every summer when we relish a substantial meat dinner. From the Northwest comes this seasonable recipe for *Dakota Roast Lamb* with gravy and dumplings: . . . Rub salt and pepper well into a leg of lamb; lay in deep dish with 1 large sliced onion, celery, parsley, and 1 quart buttermilk. Leave 3 days in refrigerator, turning meat over each day. Then wipe dry; spread with thick sour cream; add 1 tablespoon dried juniper berries and roast 3 hours in slow oven, basting frequently. Thicken gravy slightly with flour before serving. Get the juniper berries from your grocery or drugstore.

☆ *"Eyes you can never forget."* . . . Christiane Le Begue, here recently with her husband, champion automobile racer of France, used the words I have quoted as she explained to me why her attempt at American sight-seeing drew a blank. "Wherever I go," she said, "I look at your fortunate world through memories of France. I can't forget. My father was killed at the front in 1914. When we left home this year the roads were thronged again with tragedy — babies born in crowded trains; a tired mother lugging a market basket, in it two little children and a bewildered kitten; an old woman, bent double, clinging to a rusty garden rake. . . . And all of them with haunted, lifeless faces—with eyes you can never forget!"

"I'm saving these."

☆ If you care about the historic influence of loving women on fighting men, you'll like Sidney Painter's new book, French Chivalry. (Published by the Johns Hopkins Press. $2.)

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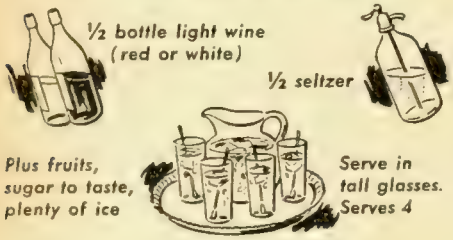

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40 ANSWERS
By Lowell Thomas
to his questions on page 26

1—In a sense, old Ben Franklin with his kite. But the theory of ether waves was first propounded by J. C. Maxwell. Dr. Heinrich Hertz then demonstrated that Maxwell was right. Marconi was the first to apply their discovery to the transmission of signals without wires.

2—Lee De Forest, with his addition of the grid to the vacuum tube, thereby obtaining amplification.

3—Dr. Frank Conrad, from KDKA, Pittsburgh, in 1920. KDKA was then in Dr. Conrad's garage.

4—Ex-President Herbert Hoover; he was the first statesman to be heard over the air, January 15, 1922, when he was United States Secretary of Commerce.

5—WJZ at Newark, 1921.

6—Westinghouse.

7—WEAF, New York, and WNAC, Boston, hooked up in 1923.

8—Franklin D. Roosevelt, then Assistant Secretary of the Navy, in 1919. Suggested and arranged by David Sarnoff. British interests owned a large part of American Marconi and as a measure of public policy it was desirable to get all rights in American hands.

9—Floyd Gibbons—and if you think he wasn't a hard man to follow, you're crazy.

10—Grace Allen. To be strictly accurate, Grace Ethel Cecile Rosalia Allen, Mrs. Nate Birnbaum.

11—George Burns and Gracie Allen, Fred Allen and Portland Hoffa, Jack Benny and Mary Livingstone, Easy Aces, Fibber McGee and Molly, Julia Sanderson and Frank Crumit, Tim and Irene, Harriet Hilliard and Ozzie Nelson.

12—Tonto, the Lone Ranger's pal.

13—Town Hall Tonight—he's Fred Allen to you.

14—Major Edward Bowes.

15—Renfrew of the Mounted.

16—No, they are the notes of the chimes used on all NBC broadcasts.

17—Jane Ace, the Mrs. Malaprop of the air.

18—Alec Templeton, the blind radio star.

19—Not necessarily; he might be an amateur radio operator, and they all proudly accept the title "ham."

20—David Harum.

21—Tyrone Power, Ezra Stone, Cornelia Otis Skinner.

22—Shame on you! In a television studio, a broad is not a dame but a general illumination unit.

23—In a sense—storms in the minds of the studio technicians. A "blizzard head" is a blonde actress, so described because it's a tough job lighting up her hair without producing flares.

24—A mike, as all the world knows, is a microphone, the gadget into which we talk. Ike is an iconoscope, a television-camera tube.

25—That the time of the Information Please program had been unexpectedly changed.

26—Colonel Lemuel Q. Stoopnagle.

27—Milton Cross.

28—Toscanini.

29—President Roosevelt.

30—The director thinks the soloist is a breathy singer, so he wants to substitute a xylophone.

31—No; it means he's a hard breather, either because he's short of breath or suffers from "mike fright."

32—Because Bing Crosby is sponsored by a cheese manufacturer.

33—Jack Benny was reared in Waukegan, and Rochester is his Negro valet.

34—Not necessarily. Lady Macbeth is studio slang for any dramatic actress.

35—Fred Waring at Penn State.

36—No, it is an undesirable image that appears on the screen as a result of signal reflection.

37—They became rich and famous as Amos 'n' Andy.

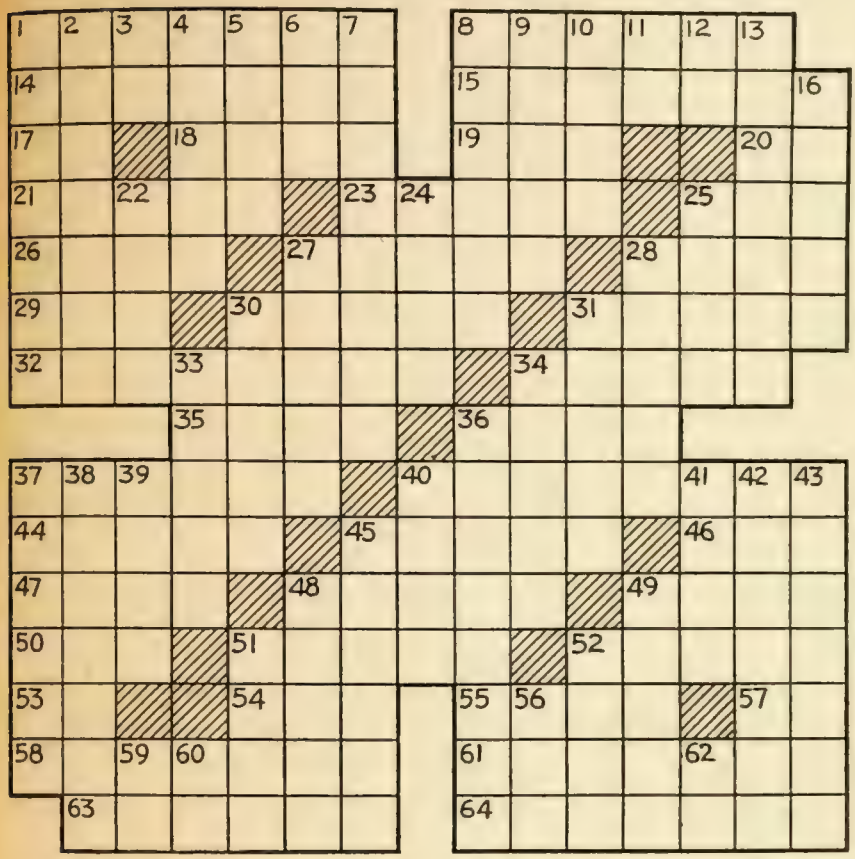
38—Sir Hubert Wilkins, when he tried to get to the North Pole by submarine, came to the surface, set up his radio and heard that news about himself.

39—Joe Penner.

40—Lanny Ross.

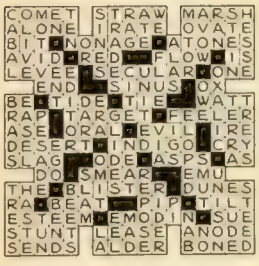
COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

by Ted Shane



HORIZONTAL

1 The Republican version of Roosevelt
8 Future sexetary (abbr.)
14 It hangs around outside the house listening for radio programs, is thin and wiry but has a lot of feeling
15 A dame they make plays for
17 It's on the East Side, West Side, All Around the Town (abbr.)
18 They're common in England
19 If you have the pull, you can stir up quite a row with this
20 Einstein to his Mrs.
21 Spartan stooge
23 Scientific smash-ups
25 New York to San Francisco Bridge (abbr.)
26 When this gets hot, it sure presses
27 These people burr from within
28 If you knock the h— out of this you've really got something clever
29 Compass pernt (abbr.)
30 You get them from green apples and they're great with ham
31 He sure gave the British one
32 Governor Stassen talked with them at Philadelphia
34 What babies do with spoons
35 Alternative prayers
36 Big Ben's puss before he got de woiks
37 "Why does an Indian sleep with his head to the fire, Mr. Bones?" "To keep his——"
40 What democracy's done in France
44 Well known rising star
45 Got in the hole, but dug around and came up with a lot of gold
46 Part of the Axis Turkey fears she'll get in the neck
47 What Humpty Dumpty did
48 Men with horns
49 He's found on the other side of the tracks from the Dog Show
50 Where old folks can get in the Youth Movement (abbr.)



Last week's answer

51 Complexion of the face on the barroom floor (comparative)
52 This films beautifully but is just a jerk to the dentist
53 This was full of Huey (abbr.)
54 Some time
55 What your neighbor is with your lawn mower
57 Article found in front of Olde Shoppes
58 Hitler will miss the boat unless her boats miss him
61 This was considered buggy in France, but went around Paris with a lot of prominent Frenchmen (pl.)
63 Neat but gaudy
64 They recently had their day —but, boy, did they pay for it!

VERTICAL

1 A Monday workout for the scrub team
2 Slaughterhouse apprentice
3 It's lit—but blind
4 Peach with jaundice and acidosis
5 When it slipped, it ended the tie-up at Reno. (Careful, there's a hitch to it!)
6 What a gal says when asked if she necks (two words)
7 Result of too many campaign speeches
8 Aims to displease
9 While nations struggle in Europe for supremacy, these struggle all over America
10 Makes mistakes
11 Kind of body I ain't got
12 Cry of the wounded push-cart peddler
13 Sawing away with the oral chisels
16 What the fall of Hitler will do
22 Cries for the milkman
24 Gorilla's adding machine
25 The desired state of all women
27 Get thee hence, bum!
28 Sounds from the bawlroom
30 Wrappers for soulful people
31 Kind of check a Scotsman flashes
33 This'd make anybody dry up
34 Judges slap them on people
36 Cranium dust
37 The sweetest thing to come off the gridiron
38 Oh, Paddy dear, and did ye hear that Hitler's comin' here?
39 A monstrous thing about the West
40 Tube that pumps juice into grapes
41 The loot
42 Here's a man who can see right through you
43 What Russian novels, Russian pacts, and Russians do
45 This is pretty sickly, even though it sounds musical
48 Bovine bungalows
49 Headquarters of the Rocker Gossip Brigade
51 Minuscular, ambulatory, edible *Pisa sativa*, ingested with sharp-edged metal plane
52 Horizontal cow
56 Shane's Idiocy Accumulates (abbr.)
59 This sounds beastly
60 He goes anywhere on passes (abbr.)
62 He does, too (abbr.)

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

Beautify Your Skin

with the aid of

Mercolized Wax Cream

Lighten your complexion and make it appear prettier, clearer and younger looking by using Mercolized Wax Cream, as directed. This dainty Skin Bleach and Beautifier hastens the natural activity of the skin in flaking off lifeless, suntanned or overpigmented surface skin. Reveals the softer, whiter, smoother underskin. Try this famous complexion lightener, Mercolized Wax Cream now. **SAXOLITE ASTRINGENT** tightens loose surface skin. Gives a delightful sense of freshness. Reduces excess surface oil. Dissolve Saxolite Astringent in one-half pint witch hazel and use this tingling face lotion daily. **PHELACTINE DEPILATORY** removes superfluous facial hair quickly. Easy to use. No unpleasant odor.

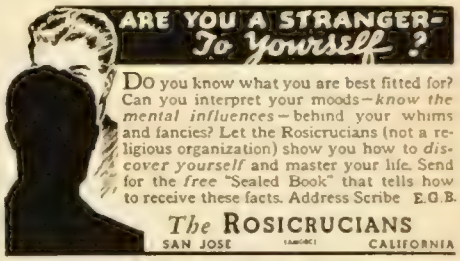
FREE: WEEK'S SUPPLY - SINGLE OR DOUBLE EDGE - WRITE TODAY!

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. It may just decay in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel "up and up." Amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. 10¢ and 25¢ at all drug stores. Stubbornly refuse anything else.



DO you know what you are best fitted for? Can you interpret your moods—*know the mental influences*—behind your whims and fancies? Let the Rosicrucians (not a religious organization) show you how to *discover yourself* and master your life. Send for the *free* "Sealed Book" that tells how to receive these facts. Address Scribe E.G.B.

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CORNS SORE TOES

Try This NEW Amazingly Quick Relief!

New *SUPER-SOFT* Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads quickly relieve pain; stop shoe friction and pressure; keep you free of corns. 630% softer than before! New, thin Scalloped Edge. Separate *Medications* included for removing corns. Cost but a trifle. Sold everywhere.

NEW *Super-Soft*
Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

HER SMOKE IN HITLER'S EYES

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—In Upstairs and Down in Hitler's House (June 22 Liberty) Pauline Kohler makes the statement: "Smoking, of course, is absolutely taboo in Hitler's presence or even in any room he might enter."

I once smoked in Hitler's presence.

When I was visiting in Berlin in December, 1934, I was invited by a friend of mine, whose husband was attached to the South African Embassy at the time, to take tea with her in the Kaiserhof Hotel, where she, her husband, and small child lived. She said to me, "Hitler and his Storm Troopers are expected to come

to tea this afternoon. He makes these public appearances to inspire confidence in his people."

Four thirty that afternoon found my friend and me at the small round table she had engaged in the tearoom of the Kaiserhof. The big room was crowded. One table in that room was empty. It was a long table in the far corner, and waiters were busy spreading it with German pastries and delicacies for the tea hour. An air of expectancy hung over the whole place.

I had just lit a cigarette when suddenly, about five o'clock, voices were hushed, the tinkle of china and silver ceased, the musicians paused, violin bows in mid-air—

Adolf Hitler, in trim brown shirt, high black boots, and Nazi decorations on arm and breast, swept into the room. Directly behind him marched his Storm Troopers in dark military suits. In that instant every person in that room rose to his feet as one, hand outstretched in Nazi salute. (Except me. I rose with the others, but I did not raise my hand.)

As Hitler sat down, his dark eyes swept over the room. And then I saw them come to rest on me. I had just let out a puff of smoke. For perhaps a full half minute he stared at me. His dark, slightly protruding eyes are peculiar. They seem to look right through you.

My friend leaned closer and said in English, for I speak no German: "He doesn't approve of women smoking. You'll not find one German woman in this room with a cigarette."

It was then I felt, rather than saw, some sort of presence behind my chair. I turned slightly. There was! A tall, immense man in plain dark clothes.

"Secret Service," my friend enlightened me, her voice very low. "Be careful what you say. And if you want to talk about *him* [meaning Hitler] call him 'Mr. Smith.'"

Part of the time, Hitler read a newspaper, scanning each page until he came to something special he was interested in. Sometimes he'd talk with one or two of his men. From time to time, more men came to his table, Goering among them. Some were in dark suits, others in the brown-shirt uniform. The rest of the time Hitler just sat silently, his dark strange eyes roving over the people in the room. I did not once see him smile.—*Florence Impey Baier.*

HEARD THIS ONE?

LAMAR, COLO.—A taxpayer here requested of the county treasurer that he be permitted to pay his taxes in two installments.

When his wish was granted, the taxpayer presented his tax notice of seventeen cents and paid eight cents on account!—*Aran James.*

"When will they make the illustrations in Liberty as interesting as the advertisements in it?" inquires Sam Essick of Tekoa, Washington.

TOLSTOI'S MASTERPIECE

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—With all respect to Mr. E. S. Middleton's mild objection to Mr. Fulton Oursler's statement about Leo Tolstoi's War and Peace (July 6 Vox Pop), I'll state that I fully agree with Mr. Oursler.

At least one great literary authority has expressed the same opinion about that immortal work, namely, H. G. Wells, compared to whom Mr. Middleton and myself both are rather small literary potatoes.—*E. L. Mengohoel.*

TWO CRYPTOGRAMS

BATAVIA, N. Y.—I was glad to see a plea for Cryptograms in June 22 Vox Pop. There is a real challenge to one's wits in these clever puzzles. Many people are tired of the banal crosswords.

Here are two Cryptograms for your readers.

No. 1. WOMTICU EKAYNL NOIMC HKIH KO PKA NRZOE FG HKO EPAML EKINN BOMREK FG HKO EPAML.

No. 2. TU VEIBLNU, 'LOX EG LASS, XHSSL CYBP EG COJSNLU, EG LASS O XOBR.

—*Vera Beck.*

"How does Orville Wright regard his death-dealing invention today?" asks Mrs. Doremus Fiske of Dayton, Ohio. "Why not an article from him on the subject?"

WRONG MRS. HARRISON

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—By this time you know that the wrong picture of the widow of President Benjamin Harrison was used in Mark Sullivan's National Affairs Quiz (July 6 Liberty).

In my newspaper and publicity experience, I believe, when a fellow makes a mistake, an editor understands just how many millions read his magazine. As publicity director of the Jordan Conservatory of Music here, which has on its campus the Benjamin Harrison Memorial Home, I believe every one reads Liberty, as the entire campus recognized the mistake.

The answer to Quiz 19 should have been Mrs. Mary Lord Harrison, the second wife and living widow of former President Benjamin Harrison. The picture used in Liberty was that of the first Mrs. Benjamin Harrison. The original of the picture in Liberty of the first Mrs. Harrison was painted by Huntington and is the official White House portrait now hanging there.—*Walter D. Hickman.*

ALL ARE ABSENTEE OWNERS!

SEDAN, KAN.—With interest I read the item on Absentee Ownership by J. A. Todd of Sioux City, Iowa (July 6 Vox Pop). It is apparent that Mr. Todd is looking at this situation from a narrow and biased viewpoint.

It is probable that there are as many in proportion of these terrible "absentee owners" residing in Sioux City as in any of our other cities.

Mr. Todd must remember that every resident of his home town who owns stock in any of our great companies is in truth an absentee owner. The dividends these people spend in Sioux City are, according to Mr. Todd, being robbed from other communities.

He further states that buying power is reduced one half in each city and town in our country due to absentee ownership. Mr. Todd should get this over to our government in Washington. All we need to do is make all business 100 per cent owned in the communities in which they operate. Immediately buying power doubles and prosperity is here again.

Won't some one tell President Roosevelt about Mr. Todd?—*W. A. Dobson.*

WRATHY STAMP DEALER

PLYMOUTH, MICH. — You have a cut of what purports to be the Boston Tea Party Stamp (July 13 Vox Pop).

It is entirely wrong! It does not say "America," it is the wrong value (1½ penny); it

should be 2 shillings 6 pence.

I have been a stamp dealer since 1893—forty-seven years, so I know what I am talking about!—*Frank P. Brown.*

¶ **"We have had over three thousand years of prayer, and there is more hate engendered by religious faiths than by all the atheism that ever existed!" sorrows J. E. Addington of Topeka, Kansas.**

ERSKINE MAKES HER BOIL

CENTRAL VALLEY, CALIF.—Cheers for Lynne Kull! (June 29 Vox Pop.) I heartily agree with her that John Erskine's "hat throbs" (May 18 Liberty) tops the list as the dizziest and dumbest article I have ever read in my thirty years of existence!

From the time my mother stopped putting flower-and-ribbon-bedecked hats on me as a small child, I've avoided hats—have only owned about four since I married twelve years ago, and can say truthfully I've worn perhaps one or two of them half a dozen times each. My latest—a very sensible hat—I've worn only twice!

And, if Mr. Erskine would know, I wasn't wearing a hat twelve years ago to attract my husband. On the contrary, I was a very green and dumb creature eighteen years of

age, possessing not one single feminine wile!

It simply makes me boil to have some one expostulate at great length on a subject he (or she) knows absolutely nothing about! — *Matilda (Tillie) Bryson.*

STUPID FROM A TO Z?

CHICAGO, ILL.—Some of us know by heart the written word of that fearless, brilliant, and hundred-per-cent American, Mr. Edward Doherty.

For those who have not yet become acquainted with his articles, the letter in Vox Pop by Fifth Columnist A. Zinnsman (July 6 Vox Pop) will send the customers out in a hurry to get back copies of Liberty. This in order to read what Mr. Doherty had to say in regard to those vital topics which affect all of us who will not bow to a maniac that happens to have gained control of part of the world for a little while.

Just because Fifth Columnist's name runs from A to Z doesn't mean he knows all the answers. I'm still laughing at his use of the word "stupid."—*Ruth D. McGinnis.*

[But not all of our flock of correspondents laughed at Mr. Zinnsman. Most of them are so mad—from Maine to California—that they want to meet him personally—and with great violence!—VOX POP EDITOR.]

SEE JULY 13 LIBERTY

WEST PALM BEACH, FLA.—France has proved that machinery is no use without men to manipulate it. Mr. Macfadden prophesied this some time ago. Please reprint the editorial by Bernarr Macfadden, Prepare to Fight or Face National Death (February 26, 1938, Liberty), if possible. People who laughed at it two short years ago need to read it again. I have had it over my desk since it came out.—*Helene Claiborne.*

¶ **"Of all Liberty's stories, the ones I like best and remember the longest are about poor people," says Ray Burkett of San Francisco, California.**

HONORS TO MISS SECREST

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—To the Baby Who Changed Its Mind, by Marti Secrest (May 18 Liberty), should bring honors to the author.

May I thank you for the publication of this Mother's Day supreme tribute to motherhood, as expressed through the talented Marti Secrest, and sent around the world through Liberty?—*Anna Jarvis, Founder of Mother's Day.*

NOW DO PROBLEM AT 2%

TAMAQUA, PA.—Answers to Miss Middleton's problem (July 6 Vox Pop) are as follows: the sons of the deceased received $1,536.76, $1,672.36, and $1,790.88 for the ages 13, 15, and 16½ years respectively. Each received $2,274.41 when he reached the age of 21 years.

Did the father know he was going to die when his sons attained the ages given, or did he leave it up to his lawyer to figure the legacy for each son at the time of his death?

This must be an old problem, because it is hard to get 6 per cent interest these days. Suppose we figure the legacy for each son if the $5,000 were left at present-day rates of 2 per cent interest compounded semiannually. — *Ralph A. Hales.*

[Scores of Vox Poppers solved the problem and sent in correct answers. Smart lads and lasses!]

SAILOR BOY FALLS HARD!

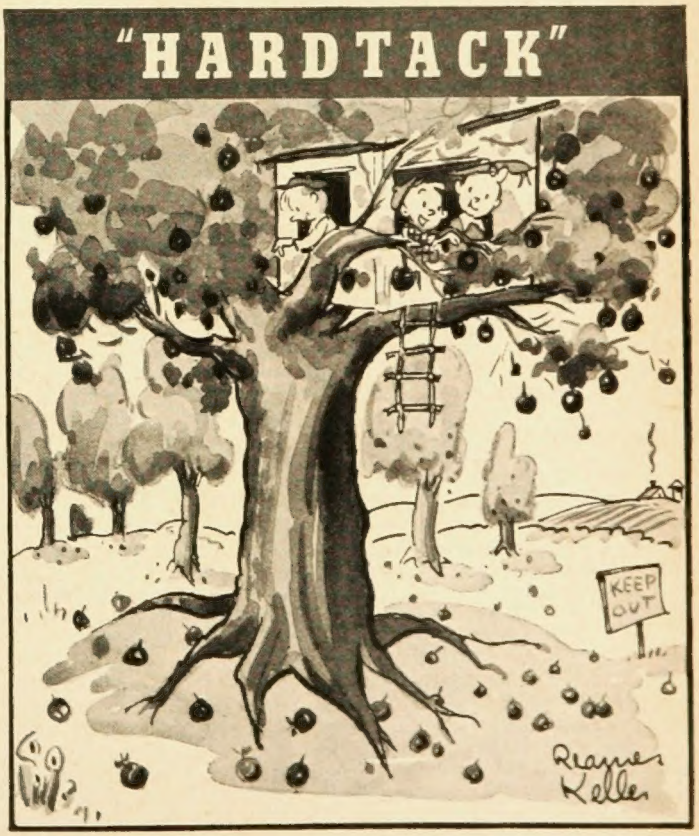
U. S. S. OGLALA, FLAGSHIP, PEARL HARBOR, T. H. — I couldn't help but pay particular attention to the girl on the cover of June 22 Liberty, as did many others with whom I am associated. It is un-

doubtedly one of the most colorful and stimulating pictures I have seen.

For some reason or other, to me she represented the typical American girl that in so many large cities people strive to discover. I hadn't conceived of such a sweet creature actually existing.

Yes, sir, I'm afraid that I must admit falling hard for that girl and I want the world to know how I feel!—*Eddie Nordahl.*

¶ **Jim Hare of York, Maine, sends us this hot-weather thought:**
As a rule a man's a fool.
When it's hot he wants it cool;
When it's cool he wants it hot;
Always wanting what is not!



"You couldn't have picked a better spot for our summer clubhouse, Hardtack."

Gene Tunney and the Youth Congress

FULTON OURSLER

NEXT WEEK Gene Tunney, former heavyweight champion of the world, delivers a knockout blow against Communist elements in the American Youth Congress. As our readers know, we have had a great deal to say on both sides of this question. What happened at the Youth Congress in Washington still grieves the memory of patriots. They will not soon forget how boorish young men and women guyed the President of the United States, as they stood before him on the White House lawn. Nor can any thoughtful American dismiss the fact that in its deliberations this alleged congress of American youth did nothing at variance whatsoever with the party line of Moscow: that it declined to repudiate the Soviet invasion of Finland, and failed to attack Communist activities in the United States; it denied a hearing to objecting members like Murray Plavner and Archibald Roosevelt. Worst of all, patriotic Americans cannot forget how these same Youth Congress delegates booed that sincere lady, the wife of the President of the United States, when she tried to address them.

MRS. ROOSEVELT IS A LADY of deep and honest convictions, of resolute purpose and profound loyalty. In spite of the unmannerly treatment given her by some of these delegates, she has continued to defend them. She has gone far beyond a point where many of her true friends believed she had already gone too far. Here in our pages we have aired the whole shabby business. We have given an eyewitness picture of what happened in Washington from an eminent political correspondent, Fulton Lewis, Jr. We have published the self-told experiences of Mr. Plavner and Mr. Roosevelt. Twice we have published articles by Mrs. Roosevelt, one in answer to Mr. Lewis, the other in answer to Roosevelt and Plavner. Now Gene Tunney returns to the pages of Liberty to discuss what happened at the latest meeting of this organization falsely offering itself as representative of American youth. We ask that you read Mr. Tunney's article next week and to think about these matters, because you will hear more and more about them as time goes on.

THE FUN I'VE HAD is the title of an entirely different kind of story. It is by Bayard Veiller, who is not only one of the most successful of American playwrights—do you remember Within the Law, The Thirteenth Chair, and The Trial of Mary Dugan? —and one of the most successful screen writers in Hollywood, but is also one of the gayest spirits that ever romped through life. He has lived his three-score years and ten, but to look at him today one sees youth and not age, gaiety, not despair, understanding without bitterness. In this blithe new series that he is writing for Liberty he tells some of the most amusing of his adventures in a long and eventful life. Just for the fun of it, don't miss The Fun I've Had, by Bayard Veiller.

MANY OTHER FINE FEATURES make up an especially strong issue of Liberty next week. There is, for example, the tale of the adventures of Dr. John Erskine with the lovely girls of the Powers model agency. Dr. Erskine is that eminent professor who so distinguished the Department of Literature at Columbia University. He is the former president of the Juilliard School of Music, who pointed that fine implement to such good purpose in musical education. He is one of the most active members of the board of the Metropolitan Opera. He is the author of The Private Life of Helen of Troy and of so many other fine novels, several of which have been serialized in Liberty. Now Dr. Erskine has talked with Mr. Powers, whose girls smile at you in tobacco and tooth-paste advertisements and whose beauty, charm, and intelligence have made his name almost as famous among those who know as that other connoisseur of beauty now gathered to his mothers, Florenz Ziegfeld. You will have a good time, as did, I am sure, Dr. Erskine. You will also want to read the short stories, Pioneer Lady, by John and Ward Hawkins, and Big Ed's Biggest Case, by Royal Brown; and the interesting articles, How England Can Win, by George Bernard Shaw; Billions for Defense—But! by Walter Karig; The Man Who Talked Himself Famous, by Frederick L. Collins; and a Crime Quiz, by J. Edgar Hoover; together with exciting installments of Lightning in the Night, by Fred Allhoff, and Who Killed This Woman? by Harriette Ashbrook.

FROM JANE EVANS, secretary, Institute of Logopedics, University of Wichita, a copy of a most interesting little magazine. It is called the Spastic Review, and is devoted to the interests of spastic paralytics and central motor and sensory defectives. It consists entirely of contributions from sufferers from these tragic diseases—true stories full of faith and courage and inspiration. There is heartbreak in its pages, but there is also the glory of human courage and the boundless goodness of God, Who seems to help those who, like these people, help themselves.

SPEAKING OF JOHN ERSKINE, as we were a little while ago, reminds me of a story he told the other day of an audition for musical aspirants which was held at the Metropolitan by Gatti-Casazza. One young man presented himself before the bearded and inscrutable Gatti with an aplomb that left no doubt in any one's mind that he felt he was very good indeed. He sang vociferously. Gatti listened without comment. Later the brash young man approached the great impresario and said: "Mr. Gatti-Casazza, will you answer a question that has puzzled many of my friends? Am I a tenor or a baritone?" Gatti answered: "No."

☆

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.

FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty

The American Way of Life

■

CONTENTS FOR AUGUST 24, 1940

■

EDITORIAL

A Plan to Strengthen Democracy
Bernarr Macfadden 3

SHORT STORIES

You Can't Help Lovin'..B. B. Fowler 13
Ordeal by Night.....Robb White 37
Parting Shot—Liberty's Short Short.....Dale Clark 44

SERIALS

Lightning in the Night—Prologue
Edward Hope 4
Who Killed This Woman?—Part V
Harriette Ashbrook 20
My Love Affair with Mussolini—Conclusion....Magda Fontanges 45

ARTICLES

Germany's Grip on America's Defense.....Walter Karig 10
The Private Mind of Spencer Tracy
John Erskine 17
Radio Quiz.....Lowell Thomas 26
England Before the Great Blow
Vincent Sheean 27
Miracle Kid.....Jimmy Powers 31
The Comics . . and Little Willie
Morris Markey 33
Hitler's Frankenstein..René Kraus 41
Confessions of an Amateur Politician.....Bernarr Macfadden 49

FEATURES

Movie Reviews by Beverly Hills, 42; To the Ladies by Princess Alexandra Kropotkin, 53; Crossword Puzzle, 55; Vox Pop, 56.

The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER BY JO KOTULA

"You Can't Beat That Red Horse!"

Mobilgas

SOCONY-VACUUM

The Sign of Friendly Service

You can't beat the *Red* Horse for quick getaway—long runs. He stands for *all* good gasoline qualities—full "Balanced Performance." Stop for Mobilgas—and its teammate Mobiloil—today!

IF YOU ENJOY zooming away first at the traffic light—soaring up hills in high—put your money on that Mobilgas *Flying Red Horse!*

For here's *one* favorite that *delivers*—rain or shine!

Mobilgas starts you *fast*—because it atomizes instantly. It keeps you going *smoothly*—because it fires uniformly, burns completely, puts even power in every cylinder—no stall, no sputter, no ping. Long mileage with every tankful.

We call this *Mobilgas Balanced Performance*. Try it today at the Red Horse Sign.

1. Quick starts despite cool engine.
2. Fast warm-up—rapid acceleration.
3. Freedom from vapor-lock—no stalls.
4. Minimum crankcase oil dilution.
5. High anti-knock value.
6. Cleanliness—freedom from gum.
7. Full, smooth power under all conditions.
8. Long mileage—economical operation.

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